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A NORTHERN OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

The morn is clear—
From far and near
The fainting stars now disappear;
From Eastern skies
Auroral dyes
In deepening colors flush and rise.
In valleys deep,
Where shadows sleep,
The gathered mists now rise and creep
Up mountains' side,
Whose tops divide
This earth from heaven, whose doors they hide.
Dark clusters shine
Amid the vine,
For Bacchus' feast a tempting sign;
The creaking wain,
With golden grain,
Comes slowly winding through the lane.
The apple fair,
The peach and pear,
Pomona's gifts, are everywhere;
All through the vale
The squashes trail,
And pumpkins in their yellow mail.
The fields once green,
The hills between
Now sparkle in their frosty sheen;
But brown and sere,
The woods appear
In mourning-garments for the year.
The sun's mild rays,
Through smoky haze,
Betoken Indian-Summer days;
While soft and bright,
With golden light,
The harvest-moon illumes the night.
The Autumn breeze,
With riven leaves,
Brings pattering nuts from chestnut-trees;
From beeches bare,
Now there, now there,
The squirrels Winter food prepare.
As wanes the year,
So disappear
The ties of earth that bind us here;
Till, one by one,
Our duties done,
We rest with life's last, setting sun.

The Larches, Oct., 1877.

GERONIMO,
OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER V.

It was Van den Werve's custom to entertain the principal gentlemen of Antwerp at his house one evening of each month.

Three days after the attempted assassination of Geronimo, the usual evening reunion took place. The accident had affected Lord Van den Werve painfully, and his daughter Maria had not fully recovered yet from the shock she had received; but her father had not postponed the evening for the gathering, hoping it might conduce to make all forget the terrible affair. At the hour set down the grand old hall in the lordly mansion was filled with guests of different positions and ages. Not a woman was present, for this soiree had been announced as a reunion of gentlemen, artists, sages, and distinguished merchants. Some of the guests were grouped together here and there, engaged in friendly and cordial conversations. A few of the more elderly ones were seated about a table, contemplating five or six new books which seemed to excite their admiration; others, more plainly dressed, and evidently artists, were showing one another various designs; while another group, of younger men, surrounded Geronimo, eager to learn from his own lips all the particulars of the adventure that had almost made him its victim.

Lord Van den Werve had stood most of the time near the entrance to welcome the newcomers; but at that moment he left his post, as if he supposed the majority of his guests had arrived, and began to pass from group to group, joining here and there in the conversations, and addressing a few agreeable words to everybody. The venerable Deodati occupied an arm-chair near the wall; beside him sat Simone Turchi, conversing with him in a familiar tone. The traitor feigned extraordinary affection for the old nobleman, and flattered him, as far as it lay in his power, by a thousand tokens of respect and complacency. They had already spoken of the murderous assault on Geromino, and Simone Turchi had expressed his astonishment caused by the affair, especially as he pretended he was not aware that Geronimo could count one enemy in the world. Brufferio must have made a mistake—a thing that could happen easily in the profound obscurity which reigned on the night of the attack.

While Simone conversed thus with the old gentleman, though calm in appearance, he must have concealed some guilty project in the bottom of his heart; for, almost with every word, he glanced at Geronimo, who stood farther down the hall, and endeavored to read in his features or gestures what he was saying. He did not lose sight of Maria's affianced husband a single instant. Two or three times already Geronimo had approached his uncle; but each time the latter had motioned him away with a jocund remark, telling him that the agreeable society of Signor Turchi was sufficient for him, and that he preferred to have a quiet talk with him.

Meanwhile the conversation among the guests had become more general. Noblemen and bankers, merchants and savants, factors and artists, had mingled together in different places. Rank and position seemed to have been forgotten, and the sounds of animated voices echoed through the hall like the buzzing of a swarm of bees. Ten or twelve servants made their appearance at that moment, each bearing a silver tray loaded with glasses filled with wines of every color, and a variety of dainty cakes or delicate fruit, which they offered in turn to the brilliant assemblage. While the drinks and thousand dainties were distributed thus, Geronimo kept his eyes on Van den Werve, following all his movements with a look full of hope and expectation. When he finally saw Van den Werve leave the hall, a joyful smile lit up his face. Geronimo knew that Van den Werve at times gave his friends and acquaintances the pleasure of enjoying Maria's presence for an hour or so; and since the commencement of the soiree he had been waiting for the happy moment when the young girl would make her appearance in the hall.

Simone Turchi, who had continued to watch Geronimo, beheld the radiant expression of his face, and conjectured its cause. Maria was about to appear. Perhaps all present would know his homage was rejected, and that Geronimo had triumphed over the powerful director of the house of the Buonvisi. This thought was a painful blow to his pride. He shot a withering glance at Geronimo, whose face was turned in another direction. Under the irresistible tempest of rage and jealousy, the cicatrix in Simone's face began to flame; and, feeling this, he raised his hand to his eyes to conceal his emotion.

"What ails you, Signor Turchi?" asked Deodati earnestly. "Do you feel indisposed?"

"The heat here is intolerable," replied Simone, striving to master himself.

"The heat?" murmured Deodati. "I don't find it too warm. Would you like to have me accompany you to the garden a moment, signor?"

"I thank you a thousand times for the interest you show me, signor," said Simone, raising his head and smiling carelessly. "It's over now. I had been looking at that lustre too fixedly and long; its radiancy turned my head. But we must rise, signor. Here is Maria, the *bionda maraviglia!*"

Van den Werve stood on the threshold, holding his much-beloved daughter by the hand. A murmur of admiration arose throughout the hall, and all stepped aside to make way for Lord W. and his child. Maria's beauty really surpassed all imagination. A long robe of white satin, without any ornament save a belt of gold threads interlaced, constituted her whole costume. Her golden hair was wound in the shape of a coronet on her head, its simplicity being relieved by a few brilliant pearls and white flowers. But what excited the admiration of the spectators the most were her large blue eyes, her marble brow, the noble softness of her features, and, above all, the sweet, naive and modest smile that illumined her face and shone in the eyes of all like a ray of life's joy and peace of soul.

Geronimo had never seen Van den Werve's daughter attired thus. She usually wore sombre colors—or, at least, colors far from gaudy. Dressed entirely in white, at that moment she looked like a bride. Without doubt she had chosen her dress in accordance with her father's wish; but what was his intention? Was it his desire that this should be a token of her betrothal and approaching marriage? These thoughts passed through the agitated mind of Geronimo, who, trembling, kept his eyes riveted on the beautiful girl.

The venerable Deodati had left his seat and stepped forward. Simone Turchi had taken advantage of this movement, and turned away from him. And he had done so in high time; for, when Simone, like the rest, had received the first impression caused by Maria's charming presence, his heart had tightened at the thought that this noble and pure young girl would have been his wife if Geronimo had not robbed him of his life's joy. The glance, full of hatred and envy, which he threw at Geronimo, short and quick as it was, was a sinister menace of death. It was fortunate that all eyes were fixed on the young girl, else someone might have read Simone's sombre soul, and surmised the horrible project hidden there.

Conducted by her father, the beautiful girl passed before all the guests, receiving their felicitations and flattery with charming modesty, until she stood before Deodati. Then, swayed by her affection for the old man, she seized his hands, and spoke to him so lovingly and sweetly that he was completely overcome and confused, and could only stammer a few words of gratitude. On passing before Simone Turchi she said to him with a merry smile:

"God be praised, Signor Turchi, for your speedy recovery! I am very glad to see you here this evening. I owe you the highest esteem, signor, and ought to be sincerely grateful to you for your noble sympathy for the nephew of Signor Deodati. You have a good and generous heart, and I thank the Almighty for giving my father and Geronimo such a devoted friend."

These words made Turchi's situation intolerable. His blood boiled in his veins; his tortured heart quivered in his bosom; and the cicatrix, never behindhand in betraying his emotion, changed rapidly from one hue to another. Yet circumstances forced him to appear calm; so, mastering his agitation with a superhuman effort, he replied to the young girl's compliments with much grace and ease, while every envious eye made him its cynosure.

The soiree was wearing away into the late hours of the night. Maria had deprived the company of her brilliant presence long since. Geronimo, with his heart overflowing with joy, had retired to one corner of the hall in blissful thought, while here and there could be seen several guests making their adieux to numerous acquaintances before a final leave-taking with Lord Van den Werve.

As for Simone Turchi, he was overwhelmed, crushed; all he had heard and seen caused him such martyrdom, jealousy gnawed at his heart so torturingly, that he sank deeper and deeper into the abyss of hatred and vengeance. None noticed, however, the state he was in; and, had it been noticed even, it would doubtless have been attributed to the influence of Maria's charms—for there was many a turned head that night.

Turchi had bowed his head an instant, though he still kept one eye fixed on Geronimo's corner. Then, like a man who has come to a determination, he walked straight up to Geronimo with laughing countenance, and threw both arms around his neck.

"Dear Geronimo," he whispered, "I am so delighted to see you so happy. But I must have a few words with you this very night. Meet me in the garden about ten minutes hence."

With this he left him as quickly as he had come, and the astonished nobleman saw him quit the hall. Watching for a favorable opportunity, Geronimo slipped away also.

The garden, situated behind Van den Werve's residence, though it was not large, was laid out in complicated winding paths and alleys. A high wall surrounded it, shaded by tall trees and dense clumps of shrubbery. When Geronimo reached the fresh air he found several persons already walking in the paths, in quest of the cool of the night. While trying to penetrate the obscurity with his eyes to discover Simone Turchi, the latter darted from behind a bush, took his arm, drew him noiselessly into the most secluded corner of the garden, where he threw himself upon a bench, and began in a constrained voice:

"Sit here beside me, Geronimo. I've good news."

"You have found the money?" asked the young man eagerly.

"Yes—but come nearer, and lend me your ear. Nobody must overhear us. A strange merchant, whom I saved from dishonor and ruin a couple of years ago, at a great loss to myself, wishes to give me the means of reimbursing the ten thousand crowns."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Geronimo with a sigh of relief. "But will he carry out his generous intention without delay?"

"To-morrow you shall have what I owe you."

"To-morrow? I scarcely hoped for such good fortune after what you told me some time ago."

"But I can't bring you the money, Geronimo; you must come for it yourself."

"There is no impediment to my doing that. Should I have to go to Cologne, I would go."

"You won't be obliged to go so far. You must come to my country-seat for the money. Hush! I think someone approaches."

After a moment's silence Turchi resumed:

"He has gone. You must know, Geronimo, that the strange merchant is so situated that he can't make himself known in Antwerp yet. He is concealed in my country residence. He wishes to come to my assistance, but he is a prudent and mistrustful man by nature. I will give him my signature for the loan, and hand it to you; but he wishes you to sign with me as a guaranty."

"What a mystery!" murmured the young man. "I am to sign with you as a guaranty? Who is this strange merchant? Is it an exile?"

"What has that to do with the matter? It's not my secret, Geronimo. I have promised to conceal his name. Provided you are saved from your perilous embarrassment, is not our aim attained? It's true you will remain my guaranty; but the ten thousand crowns will be in your drawer, and your uncle won't find a farin wanting. Thus all chance of any unpleasantness will be thrown to the winds. You have nothing to fear if you sign with me, for in a few months I shall have abundant resources. I am doing this merely to save you from a threatening situation. You can easily understand, Geronimo, that I would prefer to have you alone for a creditor."

"True, Simone; I am very grateful for your complacency. And will this strange merchant give me the sum in money?"

"No; but in bills on Milan, Florence and Lucca."

"Good bills, sure bills, Simone?"

"You will judge before accepting the affair. But fear nothing; your mind will be set at rest."

"Well, I will come—after Exchange hours—say between five and six. Is it convenient to you?"

"It's all the same to me, provided I know the hour beforehand."

"Expect me, then, to-morrow, between five and six. Let us go in now, for our absence will be noticed."

Simone Turchi rose, but, instead of accompanying Geronimo at once, he remained motionless, adding:

"Geronimo, I promised the merchant that no one but you should know of his presence in Antwerp. Consequently, don't breathe a word about the stranger to a soul. The least indiscretion might crush our hopes and place the merchant in peril. Come alone, without a servant."

"So be it!" returned Geronimo; "but I must inform you that I can't remain until nightfall, for my uncle threatened me with his disfavor if I go out again at night without a good guard."

"Only half an hour; you need stay no longer."

The two moved towards the house and reentered the brilliant hall without their absence having been remarked.

CHAPTER VI.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. In one of the rooms of his master's Summer-residence stood Julio with folded arms, looking intently at the fatal arm-chair placed near the only window in the apartment. He was lost in profound reflections while he contemplated the sinister piece of furniture in front of him, and ever and anon tossed his head in an anxious manner. The footsteps of a man that sounded overhead drew him from his disagreeable thoughts, and an ironical smile showed itself in his face while he muttered:

"He calls me a coward, the poltroon that he is! For one whole hour he has been running from room to room, as if he was chased by invisible spectres. How comfortably he has arranged the affair for himself! Julio is to kill poor Geronimo, then bury him in the cellar. Julio is to do everything alone! When one has false people to deal with, then's the time to be on one's guard. His intention is quite evident to me; he wants me to do the whole thing, so that, in case of need, he will have ample proofs with which to accuse me of the murder. He may threaten and rave as much as he likes; he shall give the blow himself, or Signor Geronimo will leave here without molestation."

Julio paused an instant, passed his hand over his brow, and continued, with his eyes still resting on the arm-chair:

"To think that within an hour there will be a corpse in that infernal seat! The corpse of the most affable and kindest gentleman I ever knew! May his good angel prevent his fatal visit to this cut-throat nest! Signor Turchi shall kill him—not I, though I may help him afterwards. What will be the end of this bloody tragedy? The scaffold for the master, and the gibbet for the servant! That's the way my reckless life is going to wind up! If it hadn't been for my ill luck to be on the spot where Judge Voltai was murdered, I wouldn't have fled my country, and Signor Turchi wouldn't have had the power to make me his accomplice in a frightful crime. It's like what the old vicar of Porto Vino used to say: 'Evil is a labyrinth; when one puts his foot in it he loses the thread that might lead to the good.' Oh, if I was near my mother in Italy! Insane wish! it's too late; I'm banished, with a reward offered for my head!"

He became silent again, and set to thinking afresh; then he made an impatient gesture and went on:

"Come, come; what's the use of all these thoughts? I'm in his power, and must put up with necessity; but let the blow be struck; let him commit a crime whose material proofs can testify against him, and then I too will be master, and will have it in my power to cry: 'Simone Turchi, fear the bailiff and his varlet the executioner!' Now I'm still powerless against him; if I did anything to stop the attempt, he would be capable of making every trace of his criminal plan disappear, and hand me over to the Factor of Lucca. I would be taken to Italy and broken on the wheel under my poor mother's nose. I have never given her anything but grief; but I'll try to spare her this last infamy. There's signor coming down. He will insist once more on my giving the blow; but I don't want any of this innocent blood on me."

Simone Turchi was approaching in the vestibule. His face was very pale, but the cicatrix that disfigured it was still paler. He did not tremble, but his step seemed unsteady and hasty, and he was running his fingers through his hair like one under the sway of great impatience and anxiety.

"Julio, the hour approaches," he said in a husky voice, resting a nervous hand on the shoulder of his dreaming servant. "What are you thinking about still? Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" replied Julio, with a bound. "What should make me afraid?"

"True! true!" mumbled Simone, "for I am to shed his blood."

"But I fear for you, my master," continued Julio. "The love I bear you gives me good cause to, and makes my reflections dark. Your game is a dangerous one, signor."

"Who will know what occurs here?"

"Who? Isn't there an Eye above that sees everything? And, while you are sacrificing a man's life here for your thirst after vengeance, won't God hear at least the cry of agony springing from Signor Geronimo's throat?"

Julio perceived with secret joy that his words made his master tremble, though the latter endeavored to feign the greatest indifference.

"What nonsense!" muttered Simone; "to think of Pietro Mostajo presuming to speak of a God! I have taken my precautions with eyes wide open; when the subterranean vault receives the secret, not a breath will noise it about."

"You think so, signor? When have such murders ever remained concealed? It's not astonishing that I should bow my head and set to thinking. I dreamed, and saw such terrible things before my eyes—oh! I wouldn't dare to tell you what they were!"

"Well, what did you see?" queried Turchi with growing anxiety.

"What I saw? The bailiff and his servants binding a man's arms behind his back, then dragging him through the streets like an odious malefactor. The people throwing stones and mud at the prisoner, crying 'Murderer!' A scaffold, and on it an executioner and a condemned man; then a blade glittering in the sun, a stream of blood and a fallen head ——"

The servant interrupted himself intentionally; but his master clutched at his arm, crying in a whizzing voice:

"And then? and then?"

"And then the crowd applauding and showering curses on the name ——"

"Whose name?"

"Yours, signor."

Simone Turchi was so impressed by this spectacle of his possible end that he gave vent to a cry and recoiled all of a tremble.

Julio contemplated his dumbfounded master with a sort of restrained smile. He had not invented the inauspicious dream solely to try if there were yet time to induce his master to relinquish his perilous enterprise; it was also his intention to frighten him and avenge himself thus for the violence he had been subjected to through him.

But Simone Turchi was not a man to remain long under the impression of such an ill-omened prediction. So he quickly recovered himself, and said in a scornful tone:

"Miserable hypocrite, it's fear and uneasiness that makes you dream such things. The most courageous man would be cowardly with dastards if he listened to such stuff. It's unfortunate that I should need you in this affair; but for that I would soon rid myself of your presence. But I at least shall not shrink before the accomplishment of what I have undertaken. Speak, tell me what I may expect of you! The hour is about to strike—we no longer have time to hesitate."

"We will see who does what he has promised with the greatest composure," replied Julio. "You are mistaken about me, signor; fear doesn't trouble me; it's out of sympathy for you that I fall into these dark and sad reflections. I thought I was doing my duty in showing you the chasm once more."

"Hold your tongue!" screamed Turchi, beside himself. "Fool, do you want my ruin, my everlasting dishonor Do you think I will let my enemy live, let him look down upon me from the height of his grandeur? Do you think I will allow him to marry Maria Van den Werve while I live? No! no! I shall be the fortunate one, should the scaffold be the penalty. I must allay the rage for vengeance that is lacerating my heart. Nothing—no, nothing—can hold me back; and if you stand in my way, Julio, I will walk over your corpse to strike the one who has poisoned my life. Oh! do not brave me; I am capable of anything!"

With these words Simone Turchi grasped the dagger stuck in his belt; his face was purple, his lips trembled. He fixed a withering look on his servant, and took a step towards him.

This threat seared Julio but little, probably because he did not believe his master would carry it into execution. He retreated a few feet and drew his knife, saying in a scoffing tone:

"It would be odd, signor, for Geronimo to find us here in mortal combat. He couldn't find anything better for his own salvation."

"How! you would dare?"

"Why not? Do you think Julio would let you kill him like a calf?"

"Listen! He is here!" exclaimed Simone Turchi, starting with terror.

The fall of the heavy iron knocker on the little door in the garden could be heard distinctly.

"Julio, once more, what may I expect of you?" asked Turchi with uneasiness.

"I'll do what I've promised, neither more nor less."

"Well, run and open the door. Mind you, not an impudent word. Don't let your face show the least alarm. Bring him here; tell him I am occupied with the strange merchant; make him wait, and, if he doesn't take a seat at once, choose a favorable moment and push him into the arm-chair. Then come and call me; I'll do the rest."

"You wish me to get Signor Geronimo into the chair?" mumbled Julio.

On leaving the room, Turchi answered him in a menacing voice and with flaming eyes:

"Pietro Mostajo, think of the Factor of Lucca!"

Julio quitted the building, hastened to the wall and opened the door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS EMILY DUNCAN, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe.

LIKE THE TWITTER OF SOME SWEET BIRD.

DEDICATED TO EMMA CONSTANCE AND WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.

We stood 'neath the shade of the lilac boughs,
My dear little lover and I;
And while he was making his golden vows
I saw there was truth in his eye;
He spoke to me of the by-and-bye,
A future that seemed so dim,
And now and then he would breathe a sigh
That endeared my heart to him.
His voice was soft, and each loving word
Was like the twitter of some sweet bird.

We heard the sweet call of the whippoorwill,
My dear little lover and I;
For the night was never before as still,
And never a prettier sky;
He said that I was his guiding star,
His hope and his only pride,
And when he sailed on the ocean far
He'd wish I was by his side.
His voice was soft, and each loving word
Was like the twitter of some sweet bird.

'Tis many a day since we parted there,
My dear little lover and I,
Yet the purple blossoms are just as fair
As they were in the days gone by;
Tho' years have fled since he went away,
'Tis not so long as it seems,
I think of my darling every day,
And he speaks to me in dreams.
His voice is soft, and each loving word
Falls like the twitter of some sweet bird.

IMOGENE'S MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

IMOGENE Howard had all the appearance of a queen holding court as she sat upon the pleasant veranda of "The Happy Retreat." It was the hour after lunch; too hot for driving, boating or walking, too early to dress for dinner. The guests of this small establishment, who were (with one exception) old friends, had gathered upon the veranda, and were whiling away the Summer afternoon with light conversation. Disposed in favorite attitudes, some lounging on the rustic benches, others seated upon the steps, they had grouped themselves around their acknowledged centre, Imogene Howard.

This young lady never lounged, never threw herself into the various coquettish—or otherwise—positions of her female companions. Of a regal presence was she, and the chair she occupied became for the time being a throne, and from it this afternoon of which I write she pronounced her judgments and dispensed her favors with that confidence in their reception which her assured position as beauty and heiress warranted. As often happens, the conversation, which had begun in jest, led by some chance remarks to a serious train of thought.

"It is too true," said Miss Howard sadly. "Chivalry is among the things of the vanished past. When do we hear of a case of real heroism? What man is willing to risk his life to save that of another?"

"Give it up," answered Jack Elms, who made it a point to ignore all serious questions, and who was the self-constituted "funny-man" of the party.

Imogene flashed him an indignant look from her large black eyes, but took no further notice of him.

"Yes, men are degenerating," went on the fair moralist; "they are fast becoming mere idlers and pleasure-seekers, who do not even row for fear of blistering their soft hands, which they carefully encase in gloves."

"Like myself, Miss Howard?" interrupted a gentleman who sat apart from the others, and had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, but who now looked up with an amused smile and made the remark just quoted.

His hands were neatly gloved, and none of the company there assembled had ever seen them otherwise. Speculation as to the cause had been often indulged in, and hints, which would have led to an explanation from a man less self-contained than Frank Nelson, thrown out. But he kept his own counsel, quietly declining to participate in the manly amusement of the other gentlemen staying in the house, on the plea of having his time fully taken up by other pursuits. These pursuits were supposed to be literary, as one of the two rooms which he occupied was fitted up as a library, and he was seldom seen without a book in his hand.

When the gay party arrived at "The Happy Retreat" the owner informed them that the whole house was at their disposal, save two rooms, which were engaged by Mr. Nelson from year to year. This outside guest, however, did not prove a barrier to their enjoyment, for he impressed them favorably in spite of the mystery surrounding him, and his distant, reserved bearing. Imogene alone refused to admit him to her friendship, for what fancied reason I cannot say. Who can fathom a woman's motives? Accustomed as she was to sway all with whom she came in contact, perhaps she felt wounded self-love and humiliation rising in her breast when she found that Mr. Nelson bowed not at her feet. This feeling she hid under a manner, the contempt of which was almost insolent. Assuming that he was a coward, because he neither rode, drove, nor pulled an oar, she lost no opportunity to covertly taunt him with it. But apparently he did not notice it, taking all her keen shafts as quietly as he did this afternoon when rowing was mentioned.

"No name was spoken, Mr. Nelson," replied Miss Howard haughtily.

"Oh? But look here, Imogene, you forget those fellows who raced, played ball, jumped, and no end of other things at the athletic grounds. I am sure they were brave," said Kate Allen, who "doted" on horse-racing and kindred sports, and was quite an adept in turfy slang.

"I do not call a reckless peril of life and limb, when there is no object to be attained, true bravery," responded Imogene.

"I am sure, Miss Howard, we are all your devoted followers, ready to do or dare in your cause," asserted George Chester in behalf of his sex.

"Yes, and I appreciate it. But what I am talking of is true heroism, not the little attentions of every-day life. Now, what man among you, suppose we were shipwrecked, would untie his own life-preserver to place it around me or any other helpless woman?"

"Ask us an easy one," muttered Jack Elms.

"When you say heroism is a thing of the past, you forget the brave soldiers of our late war," said Harry Taylor, who had served in the Home Guard, and in consequence felt privileged to speak of his brothers-in-arms.

"Forget them?" earnestly replied Imogene. "I trust the day never will come that sees me do that! You forget, Mr. Taylor, that I am the daughter of one brave soldier, the sister of two others. It is the pride and glory of my life."

Chancing to glance towards Mr. Nelson, she caught for the first time an expression of admiration in his deep, unfathomable eyes. Turning contemptuously away, she resumed her subject:

"But even the bravery of our noble soldiers, much as I admire it, was not the kind of which I am speaking. They fought for a great cause; and in the heat of battle, upheld by the example of each other and inspired by the great end in view, and the fierce intoxication of the moment, our brave men hesitated not to march even to the awful cannon's mouth or to throw themselves upon the bayonets of the enemy."

"You are getting enthusiastic, Miss Howard," said Mr. Chester, while the listless idlers around seemed startled into new life by the fire of her words, and yet more by the eloquence of her grand face.

"Dear Imogene is so interesting," lisped one of the female flatterers who always follow in the train of a belle, and, metaphorically speaking, seem to feed on the crumbs which fall from her well-filled train of admirers.

"You must pardon me," smiled Imogene, "for monopolizing the conversation, but this is a favorite topic of mine. My idea of true heroism is an individual act, done deliberately, and with full knowledge of the perils attending it; whose motive is hope of neither glory nor personal gain, but the rescue of the person or persons whose lives are endangered. I crave your further indulgence while I state an instance which occurred during the war, which seems to me an act of bravery worthy to be ranked with the most famous deeds of old."

All signified their willingness to listen.

"But first, Miss Howard," said George Chester, "you must admit by virtue of this very act, which you acknowledge to have been so brave, that your sweeping assertion that true heroism is unknown at the present day is unfounded."

"The act of which I speak took place over ten years ago. But," she added earnestly, "it was brave enough to cover the deficiencies of ten times ten years. Very well, Mr. Chester, I admit that I was wrong."

"Story! story!" cried several voices, and the fair relator proceeded.

"It was just prior to one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. The two opposing armies lay in sight of each other, and, although there was no regular engagement that day, yet shells were fired by each side into the camp of the other. In a tent which was pitched upon an elevation in our own encampment sat six officers. Two of them were my own dear father and brother; they, with three of the remaining four, were old comrades, had fought in the same battles, camped round the same fires, and each knew the other's worth. They were seated at the rude table which occupied the centre of the tent, engaged in writing letters to the loved ones at home. The sixth was a stranger but lately transferred from another department. His record was unknown, and, as his modest lips never referred to his own deeds, his new companions were unaware if his past had been heroic or otherwise. He sat near the opening of the tent, his eyes fixed upon the opposite hillside, which was whitened by the canvas of the enemy. A shell came shrieking through the air. The officers at the table, grown indifferent to such sounds, continued their occupation. The young man at the door watched its progress. Straight towards their tent it came, and, to his horror, entered it, and lay smoking between the officers and all hope of escape. The stranger, from his position, could have fled and left the others to their fate. But no, such was not his character. Quick as thought, he seized the terrible engine of death in his hands, rushed from the tent and flung it over the precipice! God watched over his valorous deed; for, although the shell burst in his hands, one might say, yet he received no severe injury. When his companions, who in spite of their bravery had stood appalled at the action of their comrade, rushed out of the tent, expecting to find his mangled remains, they were overjoyed to discover that, beyond being rendered senseless by the shock and the loss of some fingers, he was unhurt. You can imagine with what care they watched over him, what brotherly love they ever afterwards felt for him, and how the camp rang with the story of his deed. Was I not right in calling this an instance worthy of the knights of old?"

A general chorus of assenting voices was heard, Mr. Nelson alone remaining silent.

"You do not seem impressed by my story, Mr. Nelson," said Imogene. "Do you not consider the act an uncommon display of heroism?"

"Well, no," said that gentleman quietly. "He merely did what many others would have done."

"It has been said that in order to appreciate another's bravery one must have a brave soul one's self," returned Imogene with cutting irony.

Mr. Nelson bowed and resumed his books.

"Oh, but what was the fellow's name?" cried Kate Allen.

"That I cannot tell, as he became heir to an immense property soon after, and changed the name by which he was known in the army. His residence has also been lost to the knowledge of his friends. Oh, could I but see him, the brave preserver of my father and brother, what would I not do for him!" concluded the enthusiastic girl.

"Would you kiss him, dear Imogene?" asked the lisper with a coquettish glance.

Imogene looked down from her mental as well as physical height to the silly girl at her feet with an expression of disgust. It changed, however, to one of indulgence as it rested upon the vapid prettiness of the questioner, and she answered quietly:

"Perchance I might, Sadie, but not in the sentimental way of which you are thinking. Mine would be a pure, womanly kiss, given because all other expression would seem too feeble to portray my reverential gratitude."

Again that mysterious expression in the dark eyes of Mr. Nelson as they met hers for a moment. Just here the dressing-bell rang, and the party separated to prepare for dinner.

That evening Imogene left the gay company assembled in the parlor and sought an unfrequented portion of the piazza, where, screened by vines, she stood undisturbed, looking far out over the valley and river. The brilliant moon, which brought out in bold relief the picturesque landscape and broad, rolling stream, stole in to her retreat and disclosed the stately, supple figure robed in the princess-dress of cream-white bunting, trimmed with lace and cardinal ribbons, leaning against a pillar. The clear, dark face was raised to heaven, and a wistful expression beamed from the softened eyes. Suddenly she heard a voice beside her saying:

"Imogene, will you give *me* that kiss?"

Turning, she saw Mr. Nelson at her side, his usually impassive face transfigured by the love which glowed upon it.

"How dare you address me in that manner, sir?"

"The love I feel for you makes me bold."

"Love! The man who would aspire to love *me* must first win his spurs;" and, gathering her draperies around her, she swept into the house.

No sleep visited her unquiet pillow that night. Her mind was torn by conflicting emotions, now elated by the thought that she was so deeply loved, now indignant that a man whom she assumed to be a coward should dare to feel such a sentiment for her.

Pleading illness, she did not appear downstairs until afternoon of the next day, when the house was still, the inmates having gone to a neighboring point of interest. But fatality seemed to pursue her. As she passed out upon the veranda, what was her dismay to find Mr. Nelson snugly ensconced upon a rustic chair, his inevitable book in his hand. As she well knew, his usual habit was to study in his library, but, thinking that the piazza would be untenanted through the day, he had taken possession of it. He rose and bowed quietly. Imogene, while endeavoring to preserve a haughty manner, felt her cheeks reddening. As she was about to turn and retreat to hide her confusion, a wagon drove up, and from it dismounted a young man. With one bound the usually stately girl sprang down the steps and into the arms outstretched to receive her.

"O Herbert! how glad I am to see you!" she cried, clinging to his arm, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Why, Genie, darling," said he fondly, "tears! What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, but that I am so glad to see you!"

"Well, I thought, as I could get away for a week, I'd—hallo! Who's that? My dear fellow, how do you do?" and, leaving his astonished sister to take care of herself, Herbert Howard rushed upon the piazza and exchanged with Frank Nelson an embrace of such fervor that Imogene was only surprised that they did not kiss each other.

"Imogene, why did you not write me that you were fortunate enough to be living under the same roof with the man who saved the lives of your father and brother?"

Imogene stood bewildered.

"Whom do you mean, Herbert? There is no one here but Mr. Nelson."

"He is just the one I mean. The bravest man I ever met; the man who threw the shell out of our tent, and saved us from sure destruction."

"Gently, gently, Herbert," smiled Mr. Nelson, wincing a little as Herbert pressed his hands.

"Oh, the poor hands, are they tender yet?" asked Herbert, holding them in his own as gently as a woman might.

"Mr. Nelson, how mistaken I have been!" cried Imogene, and, covering her face with her hands, she fled into the house.

Herbert gave a long whistle of surprise.

"Well, what's up now? These girls, Nelson, are past finding out. But you look odd too—what has happened?"

"To be frank, Herbert, I have dared to love your sister."

"And she hasn't dared to refuse you?"

"Yes; and in such a way that I fear she has conceived some mistaken idea of me."

"Never you mind, my boy; I'll set it all right."

And in his usual impulsive way he sought his sister at once.

It was twilight of the same day. Frank Nelson was seated at his library window lost in thought. His hands, deeply scarred and minus several fingers, were ungloved, and their condition revealed the mystery of their usually covered state. A tap at the door, and Herbert entered.

"I have a message for you, Frank. Imogene wishes to see you."

Nelson started up with alacrity.

"I will go at once."

"Not so fast, my dear fellow. She wishes to seek you."

"But I cannot allow her to humble herself in that manner."

"That's all right; 'twill do her good. Girls get too high sometimes. I'll bring her to your door."

Frank stood in the same spot when the door again opened, and Herbert ushered Imogene into the room, then went out and left the two together. Imogene, pale and subdued, with her trailing black garments looking like a nun's vestments, glided to Nelson's side, and before he could prevent it sank at his feet.

"Can you ever forgive me? Can you ever forget the contumely and scorn I have heaped upon you—the ridicule I have made of these poor hands?" and, catching them in her own, she pressed them, scarred as they were, to her lips and heart.

"Imogene, my darling, I cannot allow this. Rise, I entreat! It is I who should kneel."

"No, no; let me stay here until you forgive me."

"I forgive you as fully as I love you," he replied, raising her to his breast. "Where is that kiss of reverential gratitude?" he whispered.

"I will give it you," and without shame she drew his head to her level, and kissed his cheek with purity and devotion.

"And shall I not have one of love also?" he pleaded, as the sweet face was hidden on his shoulder.

Construing her bashful silence into consent, he took more than one from the soft lips of her who promised to presently become his wife, and to follow the guidance of the brave hands which had preserved the lives of those near and dear to her.

BROWN came home late the other night, and Mrs. B. observed: "So, you've been tipping the glass again, I see." "Glass," said Brown, "(hic) 't's a funny word; take off the 'g,' and it's you, my dear." "Yes," answered Mrs. B., "and then take off the 'l,' and it's you, you wretch."

SORROW-STRICKEN.—Some time ago an aged man who had just lost his wife came into our sanctum, and, with tears standing in his eyes, eulogized the memory of the deceased, and asked us to record the death in our next issue. "And," said he, "while you are about it, make an item about one of my Brahma hens laying an egg measuring seven and a quarter by eight and three-quarter inches in circumference." Thus suddenly our thoughts of sympathy were directed to the sterner realities of life.

Going to Sea.

A rather enthusiastic boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The Pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a small schooner. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the coal trade. He sailed to Tynemouth, came down and crossed to Hull, and next week he appeared at home, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut, and a feeling of humbleness running all through him.

"What, back again!" cried the old man, as the boy entered the house.

"Yes, father. I went to saw all the wood for Winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar and paint the barn; and you needn't give me but two meals a day."

"Don't you like sailing?"

"Father, you don't understand anything about it. The captain sailed away on Sunday the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up most all night, and two or three times called me up at midnight, and made me haul ropes and drag old sails about. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he did not bully us about, and stop us every time we got reading anything good. I like land, father, and I wish I owned a farm."

The old man chuckled and the boy turned away from "Peter Simple" last week with a shudder.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph

A. P., Jamestown.—1. Oysters are found in the sea near shores, and are cultivated by being transplanted to beds, and from these beds the dealers get their supply. Natural beds are to be found in bays and at the mouths of large rivers. 2. All large oysters are called saddle-rocks, extras or double-extras. The original East-river Saddle-rocks lasted but a short time, perhaps not two seasons. 3 The oyster cannot live in fresh water. 4. There is a kind, found in brooks and rivers, which are called fresh-water clams, but they are not such.

G. OFFORD JR., Kingston.—If the owner of the Zitella did not protest before the race commenced, and subsequently, as you say, abandoned the contest before rounding the third buoy, you were entitled to the stakes; but by allowing Mr. Strange to enter a protest after the race, without making it conditional that the boats sail the race over, you waived all claim to the money. The judge's decision that the race was "off," entitled each man to receive back his portion of the stakes, was correct.

FIVE CONSTANT READERS, Brooklyn.—1. The bottles used by Benedict Abadie's "Crystal Pyramids" are about three and a half inches in diameter at the top, and there is no socket at the bottom, which is perfectly flat. A is wrong, therefore, as to the latter particular. B, who is right as to all else, is wrong as to the bottles being of the ordinary size at their mouths. Neither party being wholly right, the bet is a draw. 2. Any dealer in glassware can get them blown for you.

C. E. D. SNOW, Annapolis.—We know of nothing to prevent Edward Hanlon rowing upon any water within the limits of the United States where he chooses to go. We presume you are thinking of the recommendation passed by the committee-men and judges who officiated at this year's Fourth-of-July Regatta at Boston, to the effect that Hanlon be debarred from participation in all future races held there under the auspices of the city government.

H. S., Hartford.—1. Alice Oates is her name. She has been twice married. Born Sept. 22, 1849. 2. Moulton has been timed as doing 100yds. in 9⅝s., but it was to a flying start, which makes a big difference. We don't believe that either he or Allison can get inside of 10s., if as low as that, standing start. 3. It is J. M. Laflin, the club-swinger. 4. It is worth the price asked. 5. Address him in our care.

H. D. W.—We cannot decide this. As the law seems to read, the father's acquisition of citizenship does not make a prospective citizen of that minor son who at that time has never been in this country. What would be the decision of the courts, should such a case come up, we cannot say. The naturalization laws are susceptible of various interpretations.

J. P., Washington.—"Suppose a ball from the bat should go about 25 feet in the air and then strike directly in front of the home plate and rebound back to the catcher's position, such a ball or fair ball?" It is just as much a fair ball as a ball going from the bat directly to the ground are included in the exception to the rule.

P. J. Q., New Orleans.—"Three men are on bases; striker hits down towards first base a ground ball, which strikes there before he does. Are the men on bases forced off or not? The umpire decides not." ..... The moment the ball was held on first base the base-runner ceased to be forced off, but not until then.

A. S., Greenleaf.—1. Goldsmith Maid's best time is 2:14. 2. The best running time, for a mile, is 1:39¾, by Ten Broeck. Running backing can be purchased at any saddlery store anywhere. Brass knuckles cannot be sold in this State except at the risk of a residence in State-prison. We do not know what you mean by "brick hands."

"I. I. DITY."—The law against masking, whether at a ball or in the streets, is not a recent enactment. It has been frequently enforced, notably against the Jewish community about twenty years ago by the late Police Superintendent Kennedy. On the other hand, it is oftentimes not enforced.

W. P.—In the late rifle match between the American and British teams, the members of the former, as in all previous competitions, benefited by the advice and experience of each other; in other words, they were "coached" by one another. The British riflemen were coached by Messrs. Greenhill and Waller.

G. M., Waverly.—1. You will not need it until you get to London, and you will probably find it cheaper to buy there than by buying it there. 2. The railroad company will ferry you free. Signs indicate which ferry to take. Besides, you can inquire of a fellow-passenger. 3. The Merchants' Hotel, or the National, both in Cortlandt street.

N. E. L., Montreal.—No answers by mail. John Henry Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," died in Darlington, Eng., Feb. 4, 1874. He left a son of the same name, now in the country, but whose present whereabouts is unknown to us. A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

"IRON MAIDEN."—In sport, 18, 1873, Alexander Brayley defeated Wallace Ross in a race for the championship of New Brunswick, a silver medal and £5. It was not a matchrace, Brayley again defeated him at a regatta held at Westfield in the Fall of 1875, the distance being three miles.

KNICKERBOCKER, Brooklyn.—It should be evident to you that we cannot decide such a bet except upon the word of each backer, or mutual agreement as to how to get as well as we. Your getting it will save us a journey to Fulton Market and thence to Washington.

J. F., West Meriden.—Seeking artists in this city are mostly engaged for job-work, and changes are being frequently made. We know of no way that you could learn their names and addresses unless you pay a fee to some one of the dramatic agents here to send you a list.

F., Princeton.—The base-runner was out for not returning on the foul-ball in proper order. The right to protest does not imply that of a nine's refusing to play. The side refusing to continue the game forfeited by 9 to 0.

G. A. R., Ogdensburg.—He may have. As you have not stated the number of points constituting the game, the game may not yet be out; or both the euchring players may have held six cards.

SEVEN-UP, Bangor.—The turning of jack put the dealer out. Had the game been a tie as to the bottle-holding it would not have counted. B's ace would then have put 8 out.

A. D. F., St. Louis.—Clothing purchased in Canada and brought into the States is subject to duty, whether worn or not. In the former case the duty is seldom exacted, but we have seen it exacted.

J. F. T.—1. Membership dates from your initiation. 2. In the absence of any regulation to the contrary, it is to be assumed that everything done by the quorum of such an association is proper.

G. F., Springfield.—The play named was written expressly for the lady now acting the principal characters in it, and it was first acted July 2, 1877, in the Academy of Music, Montreal.

MARKSMAN, Clinton.—1. Long-range muzzle-loading rifles, such as are used by the American team, can be obtained from the Remington and Sharp manufacturing companies. 2. Cartridges are used.

DECLINED—"Mine Departed Frau," "Mea Culpa," "Encounter with a Hamstater," "Beautiful Lena," "Only a Hod-carrier," "This Dear Love of Mine," "The Little Orphan," "To My Friend," "Near the Brooklet."

HARRY.—Barnum's Museum at the corner of Broadway and Ann street was burned to the ground July 13, 1865. 2. The present New York Fire Department was organized in November, 1865.

ARTISTE.—1. Born in Liverpool, Eng. 2. He is not a citizen of the United States. 3, 4. Cannot say. He first played under the name of Douglass Stewart, more recently under the name he now bears.

H. F., Philadelphia.—Neither player is out who first calls game, provided the call is made when it is his trick—that is, when one player called "hearts" he should have claimed out.

FOUR-HANDER, Newark.—1. We know nothing of the person named. 2. A person with bow-legs is unfitted for the dramatic stage. 3. From $20 a week upwards, according to merit and reputation. 4. He does.

F. O. M., Litchfield.—No person ever turned a double somersault from the earth without using a spring-board, it being impossible to jump high enough in the air to make the complete revolutions ere alighting.

J. M., Dayton.—None but recognized members of the dramatic profession are admitted to membership. Address W. B. Harrison, secretary of the fund, in care of this office.

PHALLON, Chicago.—K. wins. The Chicago nine won only two. Their game in Louisville was not won on their Eastern tour.

C. J. M., Harrisburg.—1. Busk & Jevens, 74 Beaver street. 2. The rare visits, and there had but one regular time for sailing.

R. H. W., Healdsburg.—They have not been recorded. As all his children are dead, he is the proper one to apply for those children, we do not know where to apply for information.

D. F., Phila.—There are no rules for double-pinochle. It is a mongrel game, neither pinochle nor bezique, and is practicable in scarcely any two localities alike.

VERITAS, Troy.—No official time was taken in the race between Eph Morris and Henry Coulter Sept. 11, 1875. It was unofficially stated to be 21m. 30s.

S. L. M., Harrisville, Pa.—Tom Keeler is by Jersey Star out of a dam of unknown pedigree. We cannot say if he was formerly owned in Butler County, Pa.

F. R., New Orleans.—The Remington rifles are the Western rifles, calibre 32. They use the Union metallic cartridge No. 32, long.

W. S. E., Wayne City.—Your best plan would be to advertise that you desire, and invite proposals, and then award the contract to the lowest bidder.

GAIETIE, New Orleans.—Tony Pastor informs us that the late Frank Sterns was never stage-manager while connected with his theatres or companies.

J. M., Pittsburg.—There appear to be but two—Royal College of Physicians, and Royal College or Surgeons. Both are in London.

C. H. J., Geneva.—1. He can take something else. 2. Can have two builds at a time. 3. He can throw the seven onto the board.

HAVANA.—1. We have not seen any statement to that effect published. See the lady's card in another part of this issue.

MASTER F. O. WEST, Philadelphia.—There is no champion dancer (song-and-dance, clog and jig) of the world, no contest ever having been held to determine such a position.

R. R., Sacramento.—We think they never acted in it. We cannot spare the time to search their entire professional career to decide such a matter.

J. W. M., Brooklyn.—You can shuffle the cards, after which B could shuffle them again and any player could require A to cut them squarely.

JACK, Baltimore.—1. Neither can claim B's money. 2. There is no fixed penalty for opening a jack-pot on a short hand. Every coterie makes its own rule.

W. K., Chillicothe.—1. In this city. 2. *The Rod and Gun* has been merged into the *Forest and Stream*, also published in this city.

J. C. S., Webb County.—1. Longfellow's best mile time is 5m. 25s. 2. Gladiateur was a mile-runner, and time is not recorded on the English turf.

N. E. D., Baltimore.—1. At any toy or music store. 2. Of L. P. Goullaud, 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

H. MELVILLE.—1. Stillmere. 2. Not that we are aware of.

CONSTANT READER, Ridgeport.—A counts all he made, and B, who played with seven cards, can count nothing.

SQUARE CLUB, Phila.—A can throw his ten on to the board, and B can also so throw his.

LADY READER, Des Moines.—He is in this country, has retired from the stage, and is studying for the ministry.

W. L. GLEASON, Coldwater.—There has been only one letter for you in six weeks.

T. J. EVANS.—Tom Sayers and Jim Mace never fought, either in or out of the ring, as antagonists.

W. H. LEE.—We cannot refer you to any other than the Fort Green Club.

A. L. C. X., Oxford.—A list of fairs was published in THE CLIPPER of Sept. 1.

A., Washington.—If the game was called because of rain or darkness, a loser.

S. S.—Having made the seven he gave, A went out on his high.

H. S., St. Louis.—He sailed Sept. 26 for Havana, Cuba, under engagement to the Orrin Bros.

L. L., Washington.—Have mailed letter. Cannot say where that show is.

G. W. W., Minneapolis.—They are all performing in Melbourne, Australia, where letters will reach them.

T. H. S., Rochester.—High deal, and ace, being highest card in seven-up, is high in cutting.

MOODY, Brooklyn.—Two games off can be held to mean only two games off and two on.

A READER.—The holder of the king must lay out for the "rob."

A READER.—B has the same right to share in the profits that A has to use the office.

STAKEHOLDER, Kingston.—As A did not play, the bet is void.

H. B., Titusville.—Theodore Thomas took no part in the Boston Jubilee Concerts.

WM. H. B., St. Louis.—Bill Poole was fatally shot Feb. 25, 1855, and died March 8 following.

W. H.—Wheeler Wilkinson was born in Templemore, County Tipperary, Ireland.

X. A. New Castle.—Read notice at head of dram ... SUMNER.

CLIPPER READER, Port Hope.—We believe he is engaged to translate plays from the French and rewrite others.

A. B., Louisville.—The performances were never stopped by the authorities in this city.

CRAZY HORSE.—25, 26 and 27 cannot be held at cribbage.

GLOVERSVILLE.—As the statement reads, Bok wins.

PLEASANT STREET, Cambridge.—The jack counts.

SHIELDS.—They performed in the theatre named.

BERT, Philadelphia.—75 cents for each insertion.

SILENT JOHN, Titusville.—Flora Temple is alive.

READER, Boston.—B could not so use the nine.

J. D., Omaha.—Sixes beat aces at poker-dice.

ENOCH, Phila.—See "J. F., West Meriden."

READER.—It is purely a matter of opinion.

A. B., Elmira.—Address him in our care.

G. O., Schenectady.—The bet is binding.

S. C., Louisville.—We have no figure.

E. K.—A deal is right. B cannot so play.

A BROOKLYN BOY.—Joshua Bunce.

J. W. WHITE.—It was "no game."

H. C. N., Springfield.—It is fair.

MCI.—C has no voice whatever.

A. B. TIST.—He has received it.

B. A. W., Minneapolis.—2:17¾.

F. H.—B wins.

MILLER AND BAUER.—Those noted athletes and exponents of the Greco-Roman style of wrestling, Thiebaud Bauer and Prof. Miller will engage in another contest at Gilmore's Garden, this city, this (Tuesday) evening, Oct. 16. The conditions are: The man gaining two falls to be declared the winner; or, in case only one fall shall have been obtained before 11 30 P. M., the man in whose favor said fall was allowed shall be the winner of the match; but if each man shall have secured a fall, then they must continue wrestling until one or the other obtains the deciding fall, a draw not being allowed. So say the announcements.

THE ANNUAL GAMES of the Plainfield (N. J.) Athletic Club will be held to-day (Tuesday) Oct. 16. A number of cracks have entered for the different events, eight in all, in addition to which E. C. Holske of the Harlem A. C. will walk a mile against time.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Oct. 8: The employes of the Pennsylvania Coal Company resumed work.....The committee appointed to investigate the cause of the Patent-office fire in Washington, D. C., reported its origin to have been a grate fire in the ladies' copying-room, which led to a greater fire.....A number of the Long Branch hotel-keepers were indicted for selling liquor without a license. Mumm's the word.....The Pioneer Land and Loan Bank, San Francisco, Cal., closed its doors.....A letter from Stanley the explorer, dated Aug. 13, was published.....Fernandina, Fla., still suffering from yellow-fever, sent out an earnest appeal for aid.....In the trial of the spiritual-medium Bliss at Philadelphia, Pa., the jury disagreed..... Mary Davis, a colored woman, was shot and killed near Annapolis, Md., by William Edgar..... City news: Manuel Leonard told how she ran away from her guardian; a severe rainstorm filled the reservoirs; more of Gilman's rascalities came to light; Leopold Preuss shot himself through the breast in Rivington street; Custom-house inspectors seized 4,650 smuggled cigars; the steamships brought 152 emigrants; the boxer Jem Mace's Address Book's benefit were sold at auction; the body found in the Harlem River Sunday was identified as that of Charles Seymour of Avenue D; an unknown man jumped into the North River at Thirty-fourth street and was drowned.....The ship Mabel Clark was launched at Waldoboro, Me.....Thomas McKay, awaiting trial for burglary, committed suicide in the Hartsfield, Mass., jail.....By cable: A severe shock of earthquake was felt at Geneva, Switzerland; France was reported to be arming her forts; Asiatic cholera was said to have reached Japan.....Fires: The Pavilion Hotel at Glen Cove, L. I.—loss $20,000; the street-car works of J. M. Jones & Co., at West Troy, N. Y., damaged to the extent of $30,000; Sullivan & Rice's safe-factory at Albany, N. Y.—loss $15,000; Sterrett's livery-stable at Erie, Pa., destroying thirteen horses; a large barn near Mechanicsburg, Pa., together with considerable live stock—loss $12,000. The fire is supposed to have been kindled by tramps.

*** Oct. 9: The Ohio State election was held, and resulted in a Democratic victory.....Iowa gave a Republican majority.....At Newburg, N. Y., Mrs. Ruth Elmer died of fright caused by a runaway horse.....The employes of the Susquehanna Coal Company voted to resume work at an advance of ten per cent.....Henry J. Yates, Republican, was elected Mayor of Newark, N. J. .....James N. Dixon, on trial for murder at Bridgeton, N. J., was found not guilty.....The Woman-suffrage Convention assembled at Boston, Mass.....The house of John Harris, on the Newark Bay shore, Pamrapo, N. J., was swept away by the storm, and it is feared that Harris, his wife and two children were lost.....The Democratic Convention at Nyack, N. Y., called to nominate a State Senator, was the scene of a disgraceful row.....The sentence of Joe Coburn was affirmed by the Court of Appeals at Albany..... *The Philadelphia Press* sold to a stock company for one hundred thousand dollars.....Fires: Odd-fellows' Block, Little Rock, Ark.—loss about $30,000; at Blenheim Village, Ontario, a spoke and hub factory—loss $12,000; the Culver House at Winneconne, Wis.—loss $25,000; on the night of Oct. 9 the house of Hal. Anderson, colored, at Bradin's Station, Tenn., was burned, and three children perished in the flames; the South Houses of Parliament took fire, but it was speedily extinguished.

*** Oct. 13: The Democratic Congressional caucus at Washington nominated Samuel J. Randall for Speaker of the House.....Donahue the striker was again committed to jail at Bath, N. Y. .....The militia was ordered out at Scranton, to protect the workingmen.....The bodies of Wesley Moore and Alfred Grant, who were drowned in Prince's Bay, were recovered off Roseville, Staten Island.....A collision on the Erie Railway, near Shoatsburg, N. Y., demolished an engine and several cars, and severely injured the engineer.....City news: Gilman the forger was taken to Sing Sing; the corner-stone of the Seventh Regiment's new armory was laid with imposing ceremonies; Emil Ulbrecht's body was found in the river at the foot of Thirty-fifth street; John Lang, aged six, was run over by a wagon on Jones street and killed; James Reynolds fell dead in a Houston-street saloon while drinking a glass of water; Charles M. Foster, a notorious gambler, was found dead in his bed; the bodies of two unknown men were discovered floating in the North River; *The World* announced that a gentleman had been found to purchase the Egyptian obelisk.....A scaffolding gave way in the rotunda of the Brooklyn, L. I., Court-house, precipitating two workmen to the floor below, a distance of over 100 feet.....By cable: Edwards Pierrepont, United States Minister to England, tendered his resignation, to take effect Dec. 1; intense excitement prevailed in France over the coming election; the Penge murderers, under sentence of death in London, were reprieved.....Thorpe, the convict murderer, was sentenced at Auburn, N. Y., to be hanged Dec. 7.....The schooner Charles F. Mayo, which arrived at Provincetown, Mass., reported that four men had been washed overboard and lost Sept. 28.....A fire at the Mansion House, Long Branch, N. J., did $5,000 worth of damage.

*** Oct. 14: At Lawrence, Mass., John K. Beatty murdered John McCarthy, whom he mistook for another man.....The steamer Soulongeo was run into by a wood-boat on the St. John River, N. B., and two lady passengers were drowned..... James Berry, one of the Union Pacific train-robbers, was captured in New Mexico.....Advices from El Paso, Texas, showed that the country was in possession of a mob, and that the inhabitants were fleeing for safety.....The body of a dead man was found tied to a tree in the Jamaica woods, L. I.....City news: Wallace Thatcher, while riding on the top of a freight-car on the Hudson-river Railroad, was struck by the bridge at Sixty-fifth street and instantly killed; Richard Branch, colored, who murdered Alfred Dillard on the 4th inst., at Saratoga, N. Y., was arrested; the Rev. Dr. Houghton in "The Little Church Around the Corner" preached a sermon on Gilman the forger; the collapse of the Cheap Cab Company was announced; David Levine, aged six, fell from a schoolhouse window on Ludlow street and was fatally injured.....Owing to a severe storm in England no news was received by cable.....An unsuccessful effort was made to float the Sound steamer Massachusetts, lying on the rocks off Greenport, L. I.....At Waterville, Me., Nathaniel Gilman wounded three workmen with a shot-gun. Gilman is the man who shot his own brother on Broadway, this city, last Winter.....A man supposed to be Thomas Rolland, and having upon his person a kit of burglars' tools, was killed on the railroad near Groveport, O.....Fires: The entire business portion of the village of Jamesville, N. Y.—estimated loss $60,000; a carriage factory, livery stable and two houses at Stapleton, S. I.—loss $10,000; Levi's clothing store, Boston, slightly damaged—the proprietor was arrested on suspicion of having kindled the fire himself; two barns at Gracy, Mass., with 160 tons of hay and a number of cows —loss $12,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, Robert—Assistant Adjutant-general of the G. A. R. of New Jersey, and formerly Commander of the George H. Thomas Post. At the battle of Spottsylvania he received a wound in the hip, which was supposed to have healed, but which opened again about four years ago, ultimately causing his death—Newark, N. J., Oct. 7.

ARMSTRONG, Robert—An active local politician of Philadelphia, He was, at different times, a member of the Select and Common Councils, and was the contractor for the brick-work of the new City Hall—that city, Oct. 9, aged 54.

BARNARD, Thomas—A respected citizen of Newark, N. J., and a member of the firm of Ball & Barnard—Newark, N. J., Oct. 10.

BIDDLE, Joseph Williams—A second lieutenant in the Seventh Cavalry, United States Army. He graduated at West Point in 1876, having been sent from the State of Pennsylvania. He was killed at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain by the Nez Perces Indians Sept. 30.

BENDIX, Gen. John E.—A distinguished officer of volunteers during the Rebellion, and more recently a Brigadier-general in the National Guard of this State. He was of German parentage, came to this city at an early age and learned the machinist's trade. His military career began in 1847, when he joined the Fifth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. militia. At the outbreak of the war he organized the Seventh Regiment of Volunteers, and became its colonel. Afterwards he became colonel of the Tenth, and later, in 1865, he organized the Third Regiment, known as the "Bendix Zouaves." He was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness (where he was wounded), Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg. In the latter engagement he was seriously wounded in the neck. He retired from the service in 1871. He was prominently connected with the Masonic brotherhood—this city, Oct. 7, aged 53.

BELL, Mrs. John—The widow of the late Hon. John Bell of Texas—Maury County, Texas, Oct. 12, aged 80.

DIMMICK, Oliver Smith—A prominent man in law and politics. He began the practice of law in Milford, Pa., was twice elected to the Assembly, and subsequently was made Associate Judge of Pike County, Pa., which position he filled for a number of years. In 1852 he removed to Matamoras, Pa., and built that now thriving village—Port Jervis, N. Y., Oct. 6, aged 69.

DODGE, Edward—One of the oldest business men in New York, and a member of the late firm of Clark, Dodge & Co. and Jay Cooke & Co. He began his business career in Philadelphia, where he established a banking-house, which is still in existence. Subsequently he opened branches of that house in this city and Boston, giving his personal attention to the former. He held at one time a membership in the Stock Exchange of Cooke & Co., but retired before the failure of that house—Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 9, aged 64.

HENDERSON, Isaac—A veteran officer of the Prince-street police, this city. He was relieved from patrol at six o'clock, and died shortly afterwards—this city, Oct. 9.

HONEYMAN, George—One of the most aged members of the Philadelphia Musical Association —that city, Oct. 5.

HEISKELL, Col. Jesse L.—Formerly one of the most extensive mail contractors in the United States. His operations extended through Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, and the war had extensive mail contracts with the Confederate States Government. He was at one time Sheriff of Albemarle County, Va., and was possessed of a large estate. This was lost during the Rebellion, and he died in poverty—Harrisonburg, Va., Oct. 7.

INGRAM John Geiger—City editor of the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegraph*. He served in the 76th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, during the war, and soon after being mustered out became connected with *The Telegraph*. He was twice elected Auditor of Dauphin County—Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 9, aged 34.

KLEINZ, Col. Christopher—Entered the Union Army, July 30, 1861, as captain of Company E, Cameron Dragoons, afterwards the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. He was promoted major Oct. 29, 1862, and then lieut.-colonel, and continued in command of the regiment until mustered out, Aug. 7, 1865. His later services were as commander of the Black Hussars of Philadelphia. He was a good soldier, and a competent and faithful commander—there, Oct. 10, aged 1 .

LATHROP, J. P. P.—A prominent business man of Leroy, N. Y., and a member of the Produce Exchange of this city. He founded the firm of Lathrop & Engs, from which he retired in 1874, going to Chicago. He was soon after compelled to retire from active business on account of his health—New York, Oct. 10, aged .

METZGAR, Nathan—A highly-respected citizen of Allentown, Pa., where he had resided for many years. He died suddenly of heart disease—there, Oct. 12.

MEIGGS, Henry—The great railroad magnate of South America. His career was as wonderful as it was romantic. He was born in Greene County, this State, in 1811. He first gained a reputation in Boston, Mass., as a successful lumber-dealer and contractor. Coming to this city, he lost his fortune in the panic of 1837, but was speedily on his feet again. With the discovery of gold in California, he loaded a ship with lumber and sailed for San Francisco. There he became enormously rich, and for a time was the leading man of the State, alike in business, politics and society. The financial pressure of 1854 threw him again into bankruptcy. He committed forgeries to the sum of $900,000, and fled from the city. He was found that the had sailed for the Isthmus, and his flight occasioned intense excitement in California. He came to the surface next in Chili, South America. There he contracted to complete the Valparaiso and Santiago Railroad for $12,000,000—less than one half the sum which others had demanded. The contract was accepted his offer. Meiggs utilized the native laborers, which had never been done before, built the road in two years—half the time he had agreed to—and cleared over a million dollars on his contract. He took up his residence in Santiago, where he remained until 1867, when he went to Peru. Here he constructed the Arequipa road, which was completed in 1871. It paid him $4,000,000. He became not only a railway king, but a politician. He suppressed revolutions in Peru by the same agency with which he secured his contracts—money. His good fortune at last deserted him, and his latter years proved the disastrous failures. The extent of his wholesale bribery became known, and his credit and health broke down together. He lived like a prince, was recklessly extravagant in all things, and was generous to a fault. Of his gigantic fortune, but little, it is thought, can be saved—Lima, Peru, Sept. 29, aged 66.

PATTON, Gen. William—The oldest member of the Bradford County, Pa., bar, and for many years a prominent politician—Towanda, Pa., Oct. 10, aged 78.

PAUL, Dr. John Rodman—A prominent physician of Philadelphia, who had retired from active practice. He was an inspector of the county prison, was largely interested in the Washington Manufacturing Company at Gloucester, was president of the Gloucester Land Company, was also a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, and was treasurer of the College of Physicians—Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 13, aged 75.

SHEPARD, Rev. Silas E.—A leading divine and scholar, and for fifty-eight years an active minister. He was born at New Berlin, this State, and began preaching when nineteen years old, in Pennsylvania. He had been the pastor of churches in this city, in Cincinnati and Cleveland, O., and in Alba and Granville, Pa. He was the secretary of the Bible Union for the translation of the Scriptures, and at one time president of Hiram College in Ohio. He was also one of the founders of *The Christian Quarterly*, to which he frequently contributed. He was a man of rare scholarly attainments, and a consistent Christian—Troy, Pa., Oct. 12, aged 76.

SMITH, Philip—A well-known resident of North Bergen, N. J., and tax-collector of that township —there, Oct. 9.

SMEDBERG, Oscar—A distinguished member of the New York Bar. He was graduated at Columbia College, this city, spent two years in foreign travel, and began the study of law with Francis B. Cutting. He married a daughter of Francis R. Tillou, formerly Recorder of New York. He was associated at different times with Mr. Tillou, Charles M. Da Costa, R. M. Harrison, Noel B. Sanborn and ex-Judge Bedford. He was a brilliant lawyer and a Christian gentleman—Tillitudlum, N. J., Oct. 8, aged 40.

SILL, Jesse Jr.—A member of the drug firm of Sill & Riggs, Pittsburg, Pa., and prominent as a local politician—McKeesport, Pa., Oct. 6, aged 31.

SHERWOOD, Philip—An old resident of Baltimore, Md., where he was for many years a member of the former volunteer fire department—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 9, aged 63.

SHORTER, William A.—A brilliant young lawyer, who for some time practiced his profession in Brooklyn, L. I. He was educated in the Universities of Tennessee and Virginia. Some months ago he removed to Rome, Ga., and at the time of his death was the associate-editor of *The Rome Courier*. He was a vigorous and effective political speaker—Rome, Ga., Oct. 9, aged 30.

SPRAGUE, Mrs.—Wife of the United States Consul for Gibraltar. She had just returned to her family from France, where she had gone for her health—Gibraltar, Sept. 25.

TOMKINS, Mrs. Hamilton B.—A granddaughter of Gen. Lewis Cass—Newport, R. I., Oct. 11.

TURNER, Dr. William Mason—A Philadelphia physician who of late years devoted himself chiefly to literature. He contributed frequently to the story-papers of this city—Philadelphia, Oct. 12, aged 41.

THORPE, Albert G.—An old and highly respected resident of Rahway, N. J. He was one of the original directors of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company. He died suddenly in the railway station—Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 11 aged 80.

UPDIKE, Cæsar A.—A prominent lawyer of Providence, R. I. He was a native of North Kingston, that State, and was graduated at Brown University. For many years he was a member of the Providence Common Council, and served in the Rhode Island House of Representatives from 1860 to 1864, being elected Speaker in 1861. He was very effective as a public speaker. He died suddenly in his office—Providence, R. I., Oct. 10, aged 52.

WELLS, Capt. Elijah—Editor and proprietor of the Port Tobacco, Md., *Times*, and one of the oldest journalists in that State—Baltimore, Md., Oct. 12, aged 60.

WRIGHT, Col. Albert J.—One of the most widely-known private citizens of Boston, Mass.—that city, Oct. 14, aged 59.

AQUATIC.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Morris Defeats Luther and Retains the Title.

Nothing of an untoward nature occurred to interfere with the consummation of the sculling match between Evan Morris and his fellow-townsman Pat Luther, for one thousand dollars a side and the championship of America, which was decided over a five-mile turning course on the Passaic River, at Hulton, Pa., on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13. The result of the contest was the success of Morris, who thus retains possession of the title of champion, which he won from Billy Scharff during the early part of the past Summer. From commencement to conclusion the battle of the blades was waged in the fairest possible manner, affording a true test of the relative capabilities of the principals, and the style in which each of them achieved by Morris conclusively proves him to be by odds the better man of the two in a shell boat. As is our custom, we preface our account of the race, which is necessarily brief, with particulars concerning the public career of the chief actors in the aquatic drama:

EVAN MORRIS was born Dec. 15, 1851, at Allegheny, Pa., stands 5ft. 9in., and weighed about 158lb. as he stepped into his shell. He began sculling in 1869, when he rowed second to Joe Kave in a regatta on local waters; but in 1870 he won a similar event, defeating Rooney Miller and others. Miller subsequently beat him in a match, $400, same year; but in 1871 Eph turned the tables on Rooney in a match for $600, both three-milers. In 1873 he ventured away from home, and, like Hamill in 1862, astonished everybody by easily winning the scullers' race at the Boston Fourth-of-July regatta, beating Tom Butler, Ten Eyck and others. From there he went to Lowell and beat Butler, Landers and O'Rourke, and next appeared in Toronto in 1874, winning, with Harry Coulter as partner, the double-scull race, and rowing second to Coulter in the single-scull race. He was at the Boston regatta July 4, 1874, but he came in well astern of Coulter, Ten Eyck and others in a scullers' race; but the rope at the finish caught and held his boat until the two former had gone under, the judges deciding against him a claim to have it cut in time added a length or so, but afterwards fell back a little, and in this way they rowed to the upper stakes. Ten Eyck hung to his man well, and made a gallant effort to overhaul the latter during the turning home, but Davis was ready with an answering spurt, which kept Jimmy at a safe distance, the member from Maine going round his stake over a length and a half ahead. The journey back to the start repeatedly spurted with desperate energy, but all his efforts were unavailing, and the finish saw him more than a length in the rear. The match for the championship of the world, as it was then, had suffered defeat, the spectators cheered winner and loser lustily. Time, 22min 29sec.

A. A. U.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen held a regular meeting at the Knickerbocker Cottage, this city, on Saturday evening, Oct. 13. H. E. Buermeyer and J. E. Eustis of New York, Alex. Scrymser of Jersey City, Wm. Wood of Brooklyn, and Henry W. Garfield of Albany, secretary and treasurer, being present. The report read by the last-named gentleman showed that there are at present fifty-four clubs in the association, eight of them having joined during the past year, which witnessed the withdrawal of two clubs; also that the treasury contained $79.39 over and above all claims on the association. The election of officers for the year ensuing was next in order, George W. Parker being re-elected president, and H. W. Garfield secretary and treasurer, and Fred. M. Remington of Providence, R. I., chosen to fill the vacancy on the committee occasioned by the resignation of A. F. Dexter. Routine business having been transacted, the next matter in order was that to change the champion four-oared race of the annual regatta from one and a half to three miles postponed until the next meeting, the secretary preferred charges against W. Wallace Lewis of the Undine Barge Club, and that they had rowed in a pair-oared race at Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 25, with oarsmen disqualified as amateurs by the code of the A. A. U., and, on motion, the matter of dispute, and by a unanimous vote the oarsmen were debarred from taking part in future regattas held under the auspices of the Association. The secretary then arose and read the charges against Eph Morris, whom he charged with continual neglect of his duties as a committeeman, with having committed acts that seriously affected the interests of amateur boat-races, as well as with plainly not being in sympathy with the objects of the organization, closing with a motion that he be expelled from the committee. Upon the conclusion of the reading of the charges Morris was given an opportunity to speak in his own defense, his argument not being without favorable effect upon the members, but Mr. Garfield, secretary, promptly disputed its intentions with regard to forthcoming races for which he had been entered, and in which disqualified oarsmen were to row, proving unsatisfactory, he offered a motion that the charges were withdrawn. His proposition being accepted, he drew up and handed in his resignation, and Robert L. Reed of the Harlem Association was appointed to fill the vacancy. Subsequently the following resolution was offered and passed:

Resolved, That, in the event of any oarsman competing against any professional or disqualified oarsman, this Association, through the secretary, shall be empowered to demanding a separate start as affecting the penalty to which he is subject for such competition.

THE YALE OPENING.

Simultaneously with their brother students of Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and other colleges, the members of the Yale University Navy held their Fall regatta on Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Ct., on Saturday, Oct. 13. The oarsmen were fortunate in having good water and weather of the best, and the turnout of collegians and residents of the Elm City to see the sport was large. The programme numbered seven events, as follows: Single scull, between the following class crews: *Senior*—A. A. Dorsheimer (bow), H. E. Coe, F. Wurtz, W. K. James, C. H. Schwab, J. P. Clark (stroke), J. N. Bloom (coxswain); *Junior*—P. Living-ston (bow), C. Bunce, C. A. Robbins, W. D. Johnson, S. Polhemus, R. S. Keator (stroke), C. F. Aldrich (coxswain). *Sophomore*—L. C. P. Wurtz (bow), P. King, C. A. Wight, J. W. Sterling, Jos. P. Earle, J. C. Egerton, E. T. Nichols, H. Chase (coxswain). The Juniors led from end to end, hard pushed all the way by the Senior six, who were but two and three-quarter seconds behind at the close, leading the Sophomore crew by a length and a half. A canoe race, quarter of a mile, was next, the winning pair being S. A. Eddy and H. Livingston, 79; T. K. Stetson and C. Merriam, '80, second, and Bunce and Emery and W. W. Deforest, '81, academic, third. Won by six and three-quarter seconds. Time, 3m. 6s. Fairoared crews then contended over a mile course, turn, three being entered in the race being Messrs. R. S. Keator and H. Livingston, who wrested the lead from F. A. Hyde and A. S. Polhemus near the finish, and came in three and a half seconds ahead. Time, 5m. 32s. A barge race between crews of the first and second divisions of the '78 academic class, one mile, was won by the former in 6:34, two and a quarter seconds ahead. A single scull race concluded the exercises, the course being two miles, with a turn, and the winner E. P. Livingston, '79, defeating W. H. Bishop, '78, in 14:42½. Starter and referee, W. W. Hite; judges, E. V. Baker, R. Granger, P. W. Moen, R. S. B. Foster, J. O. Perry, W. H. Bishop; time-keepers, G. C. Webber and G. E. Pollock.

PRINCETON COLLEGE OARSMEN.

The "bumping" races held during the past two years by the class crews of Princeton College not proving satisfactory, it was decided by the Navy Committee to drop the silver challenge cup, symbolic of the college championship should be decided by a single race between the several class crews, the course to be one mile and a half. The place chosen for the contest was the Delaware River, at Burlington, N. J., and it took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13. The start was made at 4 o'clock, weather fine and cool, and the gathering of students and citizens large. The Junior class was unrepresented, the three other crews being handicapped as follows: *Senior*—Start, 1; Carey, 1; P. R. Pyner Jr., C. C. Clarke, D. Stewart, H. Stevenson (stroke). *Sophomore*—H. L. Horton (bow), R. Ballard, H. Livingood, G. S. Johns, H. M. Cutts, A. McLaren (stroke). *Freshman*—Start, 2; W. Lanahan, H. Bradford, W. McAlpin, W. D. Warren, H. McDermott, W. Roberts (stroke). The Seniors, who won last year, were the favorites, and they got away with a splendid spurt, leading by a length at the first half mile or so, when the latter drew alongside, the Freshmen, who-e pulling was a little out of time, falling behind. It was a desperate struggle between the leading all the way to the finish, the latter at the stroke of the Seniors failing to secure for them any advantage over the steady-going Sophomores, whose well-timed spurt within the last eighth of a mile brought them home a

THE TURF.

"JEROME."

Closing Day of the Meeting.

The meeting was brought to a close on Saturday, Oct. 13, with a capital day's racing, which was witnessed by the largest attendance present during the seven days it has continued. The weather was of that charming character which distinguishes the Indian Summer, the fields of contending horses were large, and the track was perfectly safe, but not sufficiently elastic under the surface to be fast. There were six races on the card, the first of which was a free handicap sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $400 added by the club; the second horse to receive $125 out of the stakes; one mile dash. Eight horses came to the post, viz. Virginius, Madge, Bertram, Cuba, Lady Salyers, Blondell, Princess of Thule and Lady Darcy. Virginius was selected by the knowing ones as the most likely horse to win, and so great was the rush to back him that the bookmakers would only lay 3 to 2 against him, while against Cuba, who was next in demand, 2 to 1 was currently offered and taken; 4 to 1 against Lady Salyers, 5 to 1 each against Bertram and Blondell, 8 to 1 each against Madge and Princess of Thule, and 10 to 1 against Lady Darcy. When, after some delay at the post, the flag fell, Princess of Thule, Bertram and Madge were in front, Virginius and Cuba getting the worst of the start. Making the pace strong, Princess of Thule, in the interest of her stable-companion Lady Salyers, led the field at a merry gait around the turn and past the quarter-pole to the descent to the club-house hill, Bertram being next her, and Blondell, Lady Darcy and Virginius in a bunch close behind the leaders. Opposite the Clubstables Lady Salyers, in a brilliant burst of speed, ran through her horses from the rear to third place, where she laid until entering the straight run-home, Princess of Thule leading, Bertram second, and Virginius almost parallel with Salyers. All three passed the Princess half-way up the stretch, and at the lower end of the stand Bertram looked so formidable that his backers commenced cheering at the prospect of his apparent victory. But the moment Smith touched him with the whip, the brute showed his characteristic ill-temper, and, instead of running kindly, he swerved completely across the track. At this critical moment McLaughlin brought up Lady Salyers with a determined rush, and, passing Virginius and Bertram, won the race by half a length in 1:47; Cuba, who ran fast at the finish, being only beaten by a neck by Bertram for second place; Virginius fourth, a neck behind Cuba, Princess of Thule next, then Madge, Blondell and Lucy Darcy. The victory of Col. McDaniels was well received.

The second race was the great event of the day, the All-aged Stakes of $100 each, half forfeit, and only $25 if declared by June 1, the club adding $1,500, second horse to receive 10 per cent. and the third 5 per cent. of the whole stake; Belmont course, one mile and a half. Of the forty-one subscribers, two declared out, thirty-one paid $50 forfeit, and eight started, thus making the value of the stake $3,900. The field of runners was a strong one, comprising such good horses as Tom Ochiltree, Parole, St. Martin, Madge, Idalia, Virginius, Algerine, and Princeton. Madge and Virginius had just run in the previous race, and it certainly looked foolish policy to run them against such fresh and higher-classed horses as they had now to encounter. Barbee, as usual, had the mount on Tom Ochiltree, Barrett on Parole, Sayers on St. Martin, Donohue on Virginius, Evans on Princeton, Sparling on Madge, Hughes on Algerine and Spellman on Idalia. The betting was heavy among the bookmakers, the odds being 2 to 1 on Tom Ochiltree, which were finally shaded to 2 to 1 against Parole was freely laid, 4 to 1 against Idalia, 5 to 1 each against St. Martin and Princeton, 6 to 1 against Algerine, 8 to 1 against Virginius, and 12 to 1 against Madge. After some time was lost, owing to Idalia breaking away, the flag fell, and that filly at once commenced her task of making the running in the interest of her stable-companion, Tom Ochiltree. She led the field at the start half-mile course, followed by Parole and Algerine, the favorite lying next in the centre of the course, and attended by St. Martin, Virginius, Madge and Princeton, the latter getting off last, and never improving that position throughout the race. They ran thus for the first half mile, and as they went around the upper turn beyond the judges' stand Barbee moved the favorite closer to Parole, and the two were running head-and-head at the quarter-pole, two lengths behind Idalia. Rounding the club-house bluff, Barbee, finding the pace made by Idalia not strong enough, parted company with Parole and assumed the lead, the filly falling back after accomplishing her allotted mission. On the turn into the homestretch Algerine and St. Martin made a dash to capture Tom Ochiltree, and got within half a length of him. But Barbee was wide awake, and, keeping his horse well in hand, and reserving his powers for a final effort at the finish, he raced with Parole to the foot of the stand, and then, giving the big horse his head, he called upon him in a resolute manner. Gallantly did the noble horse respond, and he shot clear away from Parole, who, unable to continue the struggle any longer, or maintain the strain upon his powers, swerved right into the rails behind Tom Ochiltree, and the race was over, for the favorite gallowed home, amid cheering, an easy winner by two lengths in 2:43. Parole secured second money ($390) by four lengths from St. Martin, who took the $195 for third horse. Virginius was fourth, followed in order by Algerine, Idalia, Madge and Princeton. Considering the weight carried by the winner, 124lb., the time was very fast.

The next race was the Consolation Purse of $500, of which $400 went to the second horse, one mile and a half. Nine started, viz., Ambush, Dauntless, Vermont, Clemmie G., Major Barker, Hattie F., Bertram, Patriot, and Sears' Invercauld colt. Major Barker was the favorite. A good start, Clemmie G. taking the lead, followed by Bertram, Hattie F., Patriot, and Ambush. Before they had run a furlong Bertram showed in front, and held his place to near the stand, where Evans rushed Vermont to the lead and showed the way at a rapid pace, followed by Clemmie G., Dauntless and Sears' colt. Going down the hill to the club-house bluff Bertram stumbled badly, and thereby lost all chance of winning, for he fell back into the rear to keep company with Ambush, who, as usual, had sulked and refused to run. Vermont retained his lead to within a furlong from home, when Brown challenged Dauntless, and, Vermont cutting up soft as usual, she came right away and won cleverly by a length in 2:48¾; Major Barker, who came with a well-sustained rush at the finish, after being in the rear throughout the race, winning second money by two lengths from Vermont; Hattie F. was fourth, followed in the order named by Clemmie G., Sears' colt, Bertram, Ambush, and Patriot. The time of the race, it will be observed, was three and three-quarters seconds slower than that Tom Ochiltree had won the All-aged Stakes in.

Next came a match for $1,000, half forfeit, gentlemen riders, one mile, between Mr. Lawrence's weight (165½lb.) Lorillard's Barricade, the latter ridden by Mr. Purdy, carrying 6lb. less than Mr. Lawrence's weight (165½lb.). The betting was 5 to 3 on Barricade, who took the lead on the second quarter, and, coming right along, won easily by two lengths in 1:54. A second match followed, for $1,000, play or pay, one mile, between G. Longstaff's W. I. Higgins and W. Drennon's Piper Heidsieck, each carrying 110lb. Each horse was alternately the favorite, but at the start Higgins had the call at $100 to $60. The latter led for half a mile, with Heidsieck pulling double, and at last Barbee had to let him go. He did not hold his lead long, for Higgins closed on him in coming up the stretch, and finally beat him by a short head in the slow time of 1:56¾, the result being a most unsatisfactory one, for it was well known that both horses could beat the time made by several seconds.

The last race was a steeplechase, for a purse of $600, of which $100 went to the second horse, entrance free. The contestants were Trouble, Waller, Deadhead, Dandy, and Fredericktown. Deadhead made the running for the greater part of the distance, when Trouble and Waller went to the front, and finished first and second, Trouble winning easily in 4:29½. Fredericktown fell. This race terminated a meeting which, although financially a great failure, has been, in a racing point of view, a most brilliant one.

ACCIDENTS TO RACEHORSES.—The thoroughbred filly Belle De Monk, 3 years old, by Brown Dick, dam Electra, owned by A. B. Cheatham of Nashville, Tenn., broke her shoulder recently while at exercise on the race course there, by running violently against the fence. The promising colt Mowhunter, by Enquirer, dam Ontario, owned by General Buford, pulled up dead lame last week after a gallop, and has been temporarily retired from the turf. He will be unable to fulfill any of his engagements at the Nashville meeting now in progress.

THE RING.

FATHER TOVEE'S TESTIMONIAL.—The veteran representative of the pugilistic brotherhood "Uncle Bill" Tovee had no reason to complain of lack of attendance upon the occasion of his benefit at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre on Monday afternoon, Oct. 8, the house being more than comfortably filled. The entertainment presented was varied and pleasing, although there were not nearly so many boxing bouts as had been promised by the bills. The principal displays were between Uncle Tovee and Joe Goss (the beneficiary failing to induce "anybody ten pounds heavier and ten years younger than himself" to face him with the gloves), Billy Edwards and Goss, and Jimmy Kelly and "The Mouse." All of these were very enjoyable, and liberally applauded by the spectators, who were so pleased with Tovee's performance with Goss that they gave him an extra dose of applause. Harry Hill also swung his big Indian clubs for the first time in years, and showed that he hadn't forgotten how to do it gracefully and well. Singing, dancing, etc., filled out the programme. Mr Tovee desires us to return his sincere thanks to All who attended, both performers and spectators, and in compliance with the wishes of many persons, to him expressed, he says he will endeavor to give an exhibition in Brooklyn, at night, ere long.

COBURN'S CASE.—The case of Joe Coburn was heard before the Court of Appeals at Albany, N. Y., last week, upon a writ of error. Prisoner's counsel argued that there was no evidence of intent to kill within the meaning of the statute, and that certain evidence of experts and others offered on his behalf had been improperly excluded. The Court affirmed the judgment against Coburn, who will doubtless be obliged to serve out the term of his sentence, barring reduction of time conditional on good behavior.

STEVE TAYLOR'S LEVEE.—"Coves wot love a mill," or anything akin thereto, are reminded that the complimentary benefit tendered to the stalwart Jerseyman Steve Taylor will take place at the Arcade, on Newark avenue, Jersey City, not far from the Cortlandt-street Ferry, on Monday evening next, Oct. 22. There will be plenty of good boxers on the stage during the evening, and great things are looked for from this meeting of Taylor and Harry Dwyer of Brooklyn, at the home of the former.

PROF. WOODS gave a farewell exhibition in London, Ont., Sept. 27, and wound up with Johnny Hickey. It was the intention of Billy and Johnny to make a tour of the Dominion, but the latter couldn't keep his head clear long enough at a time, and they had to separate. Woods is now teaching in the gymnasium at Quebec, where he is well liked. He requests us to extend his acknowledgments to John Sullivan and H. Meredith for courtesies shown him while in Montreal.

BILL O'BRIEN, a well-known sporting man of Cincinnati, O., died there Oct. 8 of inflammation of the bowels, after an illness of about one month. His remains were taken to Washington, D. C., where he was born.

JAMES COYNE AND "ELLY" MOCKRIDGE, arrested for dog-fighting, were on Oct. 13 found guilty. The penalty is two years in State Prison or $1,000 fine, or both. James C. Howorth was acquitted.

PEDESTRIANISM.

MANNING VS. HINDLE.—A half-mile foot-race, for $250 a side, was run by John E. Manning and Robert Hindle the Scotchman at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, Oct. 13. For about a third of the distance they were dead-level, but now Manning got a little in front, and thereafter defied all efforts on the part of Hindle to pass him, winning by less than a yard. Time announced, 2min., which, if correct, beats anything ever before accomplished in this country. Starter, James H. Griffin. Judges, Messrs. Shorey and Barnes. Referee, John Shea.

MISS KATE LAWENCE, another young woman of pedestrian propensities, has been walking in public at a hall in San Francisco, Cal. She is said to have walked 100 miles in 27 hours 40 minutes. John Oddy gave an exhibition of his walking abilities at the same place.

R. H. PELTON defeated Ralph Voorhees in a five-mile walk for a medal, at the Ravenswood (L. I.) Athletic Grounds, Oct. 10. Won by 400 yards. Time, 45m. 24⅘s.

WM. PERKINS has been matched to walk twenty-two miles in three hours, for $50 a side.

A CRICKET MATCH was recently played in Cazenovia, N. Y., between eleven of the Onondaga Club and twenty-two of the Cazenovia Club. The Onondagas, in their first inning, scored 139 runs, the Cazenovians being disposed of for the small score of three runs. In their second inning the latter scored 61.

THE ONONDAGA AND CANASTOTA CRICKET CLUBS played a game, at Syracuse N. Y., Oct. 6, the Onondagas winning in one inning, with 55 [illegible] to spare. Score: Onondagas—first inning, 149. Canastotas—first inning, 30; second inning, 63.

A GAME OF CRICKET will be played in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 21, between Yorkshire and All England elevens. This game will be the last of the season, which has been a tolerably successful one with the Onondagas.

CIRCUSES.

Continued from page 239.

CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW PROPERTY is offered for sale by Wm. J. Metchear, whose address find in another column.

MOLLIE BROWN, equestrienne, and W. C. Brown have concluded their engagement with the Forepaugh show, and can be engaged for the Winter or for the season of 1878. For address see our advertising department.

BURR ROBBINS' CIRCUS is to exhibit in Eddyville, Ky., Oct. 17, Paducah 18, Mayfield 19, Clinton 20, Fulton 22, thence into Tennessee.

HILLIARD & HUNTING'S GREAT PACIFIC COMBINATION exhibited in Hamilton, Va., Oct. 11, Shenkersville 12, Middleburg 13, and is billed in Upperville 15, Salem 16, Orleans 17, Little Washington 18, Sparleville 19, Culpeper Court-house 20, James City 22, Madison Court-house 23, Gordonsville 24.

HENRY LE ROY, gymnast, tumbler, leaper and bar-performer, has concluded his engagement with the Guy Family, and would like to hear from circus parties going South. Address care of this office.

RIDERS and other talent, also performers for concert, band, etc., are wanted by W. J. C., who advertises.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, having undergone extensive alterations and embellishments, and having been enlarged, is to let by night, week, or season, by the proprietor, Jesse Joseph. It is situated in the most central part of the city, and holds about 1,700.

GEORGE C. DOBSON has just issued a new instruction book for the guitar, which is advertised in another column.

THEATRICAL SCENERY, panoramas, etc., are painted to order by Banvard, who advertises reduced rates for his work.

A LOT of calcium-light apparatus is advertised for sale by W. T. Harmar at any price.

THE PANORAMA of "Across the Continent" is offered for sale. See Queen & Co.'s card.

J. GEIGER INGRAM, for a long time the regular correspondent of THE CLIPPER in Harrisburg, Pa., and connected with the editorial staff of *The Telegraph*, in that city, died Oct. 8, at his father's residence. He was a native of Harrisburg, and within a few days of being 34 years of age. His funeral, under the auspices of the Pilgrim Commandery, K. T., took place 11.

A PANORAMA of the Centennial Exhibition is offered for sale by "Panorama." See card.

AN OPERA-HOUSE in Germantown, Pa., which is announced as having stage, scenery, folding-chairs, and a seating capacity of 700, can be rented through Potter & Seymour, who advertise.

AT OFFUTT'S NEWS-DEPOT, Montgomery, Ala., tickets are kept on sale, without charge, for all companies visiting that city. For particulars, agents are referred to the card published in another column.

PROF. R. WALLACE advertises for a hot-air balloon.

CHAS. LOWE, xylophone-maker, advertises that he gives instruction on this wood-and-straw instrument. His instruments are of an improved kind, exceedingly brilliant in tone, and have been often heard at musical entertainments in this city.

W. J. METCHEAR'S SIDESHOW did a good business in Fall River, Mass., last week. Mr. Metchear is organizing a museum to exhibit in cities during the Winter, and as soon as completed it will be exhibited in New Bedford. Living curiosities and other attractions are wanted. See advertisement.

LITTLE PEOPLE are wanted immediately, to sing and take parts in plays, by Hamilton & Nall, who can be addressed care of this office.

ROBERT AND HAIDEE HELLER have done a remarkably large business during their second week in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., and announce a new programme for this. An expose of spiritualism will shortly be made by Mr. Heller.

IN HORTICULTURAL (LOWER) HALL, Boston, Mass., the great national baby show opens Oct. 22 for one week. J. V. Morrison is general director.

A PIANIST is wanted by Hartz the magician. See E. Rosenbaum's card.

C. M. ROBINSON is in Onawa, Ia., reorganizing his troupe of bellringers, and expects to start on a tour Oct. 20.

THE ROYAL MARIONETTES were announced to be disposed of at auction in Philadelphia on Oct. 11, but were withdrawn, too low a figure being bid for them. An entertainment was given at the Assembly Buildings in that city, on the afternoon of Oct. 13, by the Royal Marionettes.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Peoria, Ill., E. F. Benton, proprietor, is advertised in another column.

PROF. GEO. W. SMITH, the veteran ballet-master, who made his first appearance on the stage as a dancer, forty-two years ago, at the old Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, and who was the ballet-master at the Academy of Music last week, purposes opening a dancing-school at Broad and Columbia avenues, in that city, and retiring from the stage.

A WORKING FAC-SIMILE of the Strasburg clock is to be exhibited for a season in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., commencing Oct. 17.

A BABY-SHOW will be one of the attractions in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., next week, and $1,000 in premiums will be awarded to heavy-weights and light-weights of babydom and to the handsomest mother. Anyone owning an extraordinary baby is referred to J. V. Morrison's card.

MACALLISTER, magician, opens Oct. 15 in Greenlaw Opera-house, Memphis, Tenn., for a week.

C. H. MCCONNELL gives notice, through our advertising department, that neither he personally nor the National Printing Company of Chicago is interested in any show, directly or indirectly.

FURNISHED ROOMS, with housekeeping conveniences, are advertised in another column.

PROF. COOK, exposer of spiritualism, is announced at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Oct. 15, 16.

MUSEUM CURIOSITIES are offered long or short engagements by Tillotson & Jacobs, who advertise.

A STEREOPTICON is wanted by W. F. P., who advertises.

MRS. JEANIE JEWELL HOTCHKISS, assisted by Frank Mayo, gave some fine readings at Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 11.

CHARLES MACEVOY'S HIBERNICON was exhibited in the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond, Va., 8, 9, 10, 11, and was well patronized. The comedy company comprises Charles and Maggie MacEvoy, C. A. and May Loder, and A. Hughes, who were good in their several specialties.

SIG. RUBINI, magician, advertises for a business-manager.

A. J. LEAVITT advertises that he can furnish theatrical and minstrel wigs at reduced prices.

REAU CAMPBELL, general passenger agent of the Eufaula R. B., Montgomery, Ala., requests managers arranging Southern tours to address him for rates, schedules, etc., between the towns he mentions in his card.

LICENSES.—The amendment to the laws regulating licenses in the State of Missouri, passed April 22 last, is as appended:

That section 1 of chapter 75 of the General Statutes, entitled "Of Circuses and Public Shows," be amended to read as follows: *Section 1.* The County Courts of the several counties in this State are hereby authorized to impose from time to time, by an order or orders, entered of record, such tax as they may deem proper and reasonable upon all public theatrical and musical performances, shows and circuses, or any other public exhibition in said several counties. Provided, that nothing in this section shall be so construed as to apply to any educational, religious or charitable exhibition.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, D. D., Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, held Oct. 12, the following resolutions were submitted and approved:

That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to all the theatrical managers, lady and gentlemen volunteers, musicians, attaches, members of the press, and the friends of our lodge and order who so kindly assisted to make our first annual benefit an unqualified success. That a copy of this resolution be inserted in the Chicago Sunday papers and THE NEW YORK CLIPPER as a small but sincere token of our high appreciation of their much esteemed efforts in our behalf. JOSEPH MACKIN, Exalted Ruler.
E. D. BAILEY, Secretary.

ALL SORTS.—Miss Isabella E. Freedley read at Wesleyan Hall, Boston, Dec. 11. She possesses a handsome face and has dramatic power.....The Bunyan Tableaux are closing their season at Merrill Hall, Detroit.....Hon. Schuyler Collax discourses upon "Abraham Lincoln" in Cleveland, Oct. 16.....Joseph L. Bates, ticket-agent of the Boston Museum, was last week presented with a diamond ring by the X Sons of Malta.....Miss Carrie Walker, a Southern reciter, made her first appearance in Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 10, at the Masonic Theatre.....William Noble, the English temperance leader, lectured on "Human Responsibility" at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Oct. 14.....Will Carleton straddled his "Golden Horse" in Wheaton, Ill., on Oct. 10. "Betsy" is "Out" at last.....Monsieur Pinguely, the well-known Cincinnati dancer, reopened his school at the Lytle Grape Hall on Oct. 13.....The Bellefontaine (O.) Brass Band and the Lawrence Cadets are to have a competitive musical and military tournament in the former city Oct. 18 for $350 in prizes.....Mrs. Kate McGowan, who last year arrived in Saginaw, Mich., from Ireland, and became at first a Bible-reader there, and afterwards a laborer among the inmates of the jails and a lecturer in behalf of the Michigan Temperance Association, died in that city on Oct. 8, aged about thirty-eight years. She had fallen down stairs and fractured her skull.....Sideshowmen, attention! Master Henry Huller of Texas stands six feet five inches, and, being but eighteen years old, will climb higher.....Mrs. Foss the reader is sick at her father's home in Vermont, and has cancelled date.....Miss Jennie E. Ireson, another reader, has been engaged as teacher of elocution at the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass., and also at the Garnett Institute, Boston.....Capt. Chas. Oliver of London, Eng., is to begin a judgment against Cooper, who will doubtless be obliged to serve out the term of his sentence, barring reduction of time conditional on good behavior.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND REOPENING
OF GILMORE'S GARDEN.
A GREAT FALL EVENT.
GLORIOUS INAUGURATION
of the
MOST MAGNIFICENT SHOW
EVER EXHIBITED IN NEW YORK,
AND FIRST SEASON HERE
of
THE GREAT LONDON CIRCUS
AND SANGER'S BRITISH MENAGERIE,
A Combination of Royal Splendor surpassing in elegance anything ever previously seen!
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22,
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22.
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 22.
An Overwhelming Array of Special and Superb Features!
A World of Glittering Wonders! Arenic Splendors eminently new to New Yorkers! An Entire Colony of Famous Foreign Artists! Special Debut in the Metropolis of the Giants of the Profession!
MME. ELIZA DOCKRILL!
the Phenomenal Four-horse Bareback and Hurdle-racer!
with over 100 other performers equally renowned!
A MIGHTY MENAGERIE!
including Dens of Performing Tigers! Lions! Leopards! and Panthers! Ten Ponderous Elephants!
10,000 OTHER ATTRACTIONS!
MATINEES DAILY FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN CHARIOT STREET PARADE
SATURDAY, OCT. 20. 30-1t

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART IN THE BLUE AND GRAY.
QUILTER AND GOLDRICH in Character Songs and Dances.
BARLOW BROTHERS in their Double Jig.
FERGUSON AND RACK in original Irish Specialties.
THE MOROSCO FAMILY, the renowned Gymnasts.
FAYETTE WELCH, ARCHIE HUGHES, the famous Ethiopian Comedians.
ALF BURNETT and MISS HELEN NASH.
MISS CLARA MOORE, the Queen of Song.
WILL H. MORTON, the Refined Comique.
CHARLES DIAMOND, the Milanese Minstrel.
CHARLEY BANKS as the Old Maid.
Prof. A. W. KELLAR and W. H. LIVINGSTON.
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. 30-1t

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE, cor. Division avenue and South Fifth street, Brooklyn, E. D. MERCHANT & HINES, sole Lessees and Proprietors.
JIM CAMPBELL, Manager. Grand opening Saturday, Oct. 20. First-class artists in every branch of the profession can secure open dates at a reasonable salary, by addressing as above. 30-1t*

BROADWAY THEATRE.
AIMEE SEASON.
LAST WEEK (but two) OF THE AIMEE OPERA-BOUFFE SEASON.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and at the matinee Saturday, only times of Lecocq's most successful work, GIROFLE-GIROFLA.
Tuesday and Thursday evenings Offenbach's ever popular opera, LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.
In active rehearsal, LE PETIT FAUST. 30-1t

FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE.
OPERA.
Lessee and Manager.....MR. STEPHEN FISKE
FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, Monday, Oct. 15, the HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY
will produce (FIRST TIME in English)
"A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."
Miss Emelie Melville, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Messrs. C. H. Turner, Henry Peakes, J. J. Benitz and Wm. Castle.
Box-office 8 A. M. to 10 P. M. Usual scale of prices. 30-1t

COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE,
Corner West Twelfth street and Greenwich avenue, NEW YORK.
NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.—The above is no longer a variety theatre, but is devoted to the production of Sensation Dramas, Opera Bouffe and Burlesques. Variety artists will please consider above notice negative.
WANTED—a few good, useful DRAMATIC AND BURLESQUE ARTISTS for the season. Address
30-1t* M. A. WOOLLEY, Manager, as above.

BOWERY THEATRE.
MR. J. W. MEATH.....Manager
MONDAY, OCT. 15, engagement of the great scout and actor
TEXAS JACK,
and his great combination, MLLE. MORLACCHI, BIG BUCKSHOT, DONALD MCKAY, and Indians, in their thrilling sensation drama of SCOUTS OF THE PLAINS, preceded by the comedy of THRICE MARRIED. OPEN DATES TO STARS with good attraction. 30-1t*

PARK THEATRE.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
SECOND MONTH
of the
CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN,
JOHN
SOTHERN.
MR. DE LACY FITZALTAMONT hasn't been "so much laughed at since he played Othello."
"She's mine!" "I have her under my thumb!" "Crushed again!" "I have you, a little blue fire on at mention about you?" "It's twenty years since I have been in a bank!" "We never drink before dinner!" "Would you prefer taking me in sections?" "She's mine!!!"
EVERY NIGHT AT 8, AND SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
BOX-OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

BROOKLYN VOLKS' GARDEN.
HYDE & BEHMAN.....Proprietors
MONDAY, OCTOBER 15,
SENATOR FRANK BELL, HUBERT AND GLIDDEN, MORRIS AND FIELDS, WALTER WENTWORTH, EDITH LYLE, LOU EDWARDS, LEW AND LENA COLE, E. D. GOODING, ARTISTS, ADDRESS AS ABOVE. 30-1t*

NATIONAL VARIETIES.
Corner 49th st. and 8th ave., opposite 8th ave. R. R. Depot.
WM. REHISER.....Manager
F. A. MCCLANE.....Stage-manager
Open all the year. Good talent can always get a date.
Association, died in that city on Oct. 8, aged about thirty-eight years. She had fallen down stairs and fractured her skull.....Sideshowmen, attention! Master Henry Huller of Texas stands six feet five inches, and, being but eighteen years old, will climb higher.....Mrs. Foss the reader is sick at her father's home in Vermont, and has cancelled date.....Miss Jennie E. Ireson, another reader, has been engaged as teacher of elocution at the State Normal School, Framingham, Mass., and also at the Garnett Institute, Boston.....Capt. Chas. Oliver of London, Eng., is to begin a judgment against Cooper, who will doubtless be obliged to serve out the term of his sentence, barring reduction of time conditional on good behavior.
N. B.—All letters answered. 30-1t*

COMIQUE,
WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.
THOS. THEALL & J. E. CARTON.....MANAGERS
FIRST-CLASS TALENT, ADDRESS AS ABOVE.
SILENCE A POLITE NEGATIVE.
30-4t*

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
HOUSES CROWDED.
THE ONLY THEATRE IN NEW YORK THAT TURNS PEOPLE AWAY.
THE TUDORS, ALGEBRAINE URABE, GUS WILLIAMS, DELEHANTY & HENGLER, WATSON & ELLIS, HARRIS & CARROLL, FIELDS & HOEY, MISS ALICE BENNETT, THE TWIN SISTERS, MISS JENNIE SATTERLEE, FRANK GIRARD, TONY PASTOR AND ALL HIS REGIMENT OF RENOWNED SPECIALTY STARS.
SEATS SECURED FOR ANY REPRESENTATION ONE MONTH IN ADVANCE.
CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED AT 10:40. 30-1t

BRYANT'S OPERA-HOUSE,
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LYRICS OF THE CITY.--NO. I.

SLIPPERY BOB:

With an Account of His Meeting with Andrew Jackson Green.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

In Jersey's innermost recesses,
Remote from any wicked city,
Where simple nature richly blesses
The rustic dwellers, once resided
The hero of this modest ditty.
His name, on which he greatly prided
Himself, was Andrew Jackson Green—
A farmer, awkward, lank and lean,
Whose knowledge was of that bucolic kind
Which nowhere, save in Jersey, can you find.

It happened once that Andrew paid a visit—
The first in all his life, and he was forty—
To the metropolis, and therefore is it
Surprising that at ways so strange and naughty
Our Jersey friend should be somewhat amazed?
He wandered through the crowded streets and gazed
At all he saw in honest wonder,
Exclaiming, now and then: "By thunder!"

In front of Trimity's high, jagged steeple,
He stood, towards evening, staring at the people
Who hurried by him in their rush uptown,
When someone at his elbow said: "Ah, Brown!
Upon my soul I am delighted!"
The Jerseyman looked down and sighted
A dapper little fellow with a coat
Of deepest crimson, and a lofty hat
Of glossy silk. His clothes were "nobby,"
And when he gave his name 'twas "Mr. Mallory,"
Although his picture which adorned the Gallery
Of Rogues was labeled "Slippery Bobby"—
The why, the wherefore, and the application
I leave to others for an explanation.

"I guess," said Andrew J., "that you're mistaken;
My name aint Brown, it's Green"—
The stranger seized his hand, and having shaken
That horny member, cordially exclaimed:
"Of course! I did not mean
To call you Brown—a fellow can't be blamed
For slips of tongue like that—you're Mr. Green
From ——" "Collinsville, New Jersey," added Andrew.
"Exactly!" cried the stranger. "When I ran through
The town of Collinsville, not long ago,
I met you." Andrew stared. "Now, did you, though?"

To tell the process by which Slippery Bob
Made friends with Green would be a tedious job;
Suffice it, therefore, simply to relate
That arm-in-arm they started up Broadway,
And drank together, after which they ate
Some oysters, stewed, for which the right to pay
Was claimed by Green, who seemed a trifle mean,
And kept declaring Bob "a darned good fellow!"

An hour thus was passed, when Bob proceeded
To play his little game. He said he needed
Some ready money, which, if Green would lend
Him, he would give security in gold;
And thereupon he showed his Jersey friend
The yellow coin, most tempting to behold.
To this request our rustic friend complied,
And purchased sixty dollars' worth of gold,
The which, I hardly need explain, was "spide,"
And would not fetch a nickel if 'twere sold.

The business over, Bob expressed his sorrow
To leave his friend—he'd see him on the morrow;
But Green insisted on a drink, and so
They entered a saloon. Our Jersey friend
Was drunk, and Bob concluded he would throw
Him off by getting him upon his end—
That is, as breaking from him wasn't handy,
He'd fill him up with brain-befogging brandy.

Precisely how it happened is a mystery,
But somehow Bob, in carrying out his plan,
Imbibed himself too much. (You see that history
Repeats itself, and very often when a man
Sets out to get another tipsy,
Into that same condition slips he)
And so it was with Mr. Slippery Bob.
He found the priming of his prey a job
Too Herculean for his alcoholic powers—
That Green imbibed more cocktails, straights and sours
Than any man who ever drank before.
While Bob went sound asleep upon the floor!

And when he woke 'twas one o'clock precisely;
The Jerseyman was gone; the place deserted;
And Bob, who'd fleeced the verdant Green so nicely,
Rose up, considerably disconcerted,
To find that he had lost his evil-gotten gain,
Together with his wallet, his lever watch and chain.
A scrap of paper, lying on the stand,
Contained what follows, in a scrawling hand:
"The subscriber has departed for his home in Collinsville,
And he wishes for to state to you that he has squared the bill
And taken for safe keeping them greenbacks which he lent
For that are gold, which wasn't gold to any great extent!
And he merely would suggest for you to bear this here in mind—
When next you meet a Jerseyman don't try to drink him blind,
Nor cherish the delusion that you've captured a sardine,
Because you meet a chap whose name is Andrew Jackson Green!"

CORELLA CORELLI---HER LIFE DRAMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

But love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave;
The coals thereof are a consuming fire, that hath a most vehement flame!—CANTICLES.

"Ting!" Hark! That's the curtain-bell!
There is a movement—a hush among the audience—a lull of the music in the orchestra.
"Ting-ting!" The curtain rises slowly to a soft, bewildering strain. Then a sudden crash, a glorious outburst of sweet sounds, and there bounds upon the stage a creature radiant as the sunshine, young, fresh, fair, buoyant as thistle-down; vivid and glowing with rich color, like some splendid tropical bird, yet soft, warm, sweet as the heart of a brilliant-hued flower. Aha! It is I, Senorita Corella Corelli! "The Incomparable!" "The Divine!" "The Beautiful Butterfly!" *Ma foi*, the papers call me so. *Mesdames et messieurs*, I kiss my hands to you, and throw you kisses, for which you throw me bouquets back until I stand in a fragrant heap of flowers. Aha, but I am favored! I am young—my life is glorious—I am happy! Which of you women in the audience yonder would not be glad to change places with me? *I* would not change with the richest and proudest of you all. I am all life, all joy—like the birds, like the flowers, like the sunshine! You think me vain—an egotist—to speak so? Ah, bah! Why should we not speak true? Do I not know that I am beautiful? I have my mirror, and—men's eyes! And eyes speak truth. Tongues lie sometimes, but eyes are truthful ever! And the eyes speak nothing but praise to me, for I am the rage of the town. What do I say? 'Tis of the past I am thinking. I *was* the rage, the beauty, the fashion. *Mon Dieu!* Ten years ago, ten years ago!

Am I French? you ask. Not at all. Italian, perhaps? Not much that, either. I was born in New Orleans. I never knew a father. My mother, poor soul, she was beautiful, and—a slave. She has been dead these many years. May she rest in peace! He who raised me—training me to be a dancer—taught me to speak a kind of broken English that has grown second nature to me now. He thought it more effective for the stage. Was it so really? Perhaps; I cannot tell. Only eighteen years old that night when I danced with footsteps as light as my heart-beats; and yet both heart and feet were light for the last time. It was because of my light footfall that I came—without seeking it—upon them unawares, and saw him—the man *I* loved—try the ring upon her finger, and saw her golden head thrown back against his breast, while he, bending over, pressed a kiss upon her lips—a kiss for which *I* would have given my soul. They never saw me. I slipped around the wing, and sank upon a chair, and fought hard against my jealous misery; presently a hand was on my shoulder, a voice—oh, how kind, how sweet! O Carlo *mia!* when were you ever aught but kind to me? A dear voice asked: "What ails thee, Corella?" And I made answer, starting to my feet, and stretching forth my arms to him in agony:

"You love her—that Blanche—you will marry her?"

A look of grieved surprise came into his handsome face, so good, so true. Ah, it is so, doubtless, that angels look!

"Little sister," he began.

But I stopped him. What did I say? I know not. I was mad—that one word "sister" crazed me. *I* to be his *sister*, and another one his *wife*—oh, misery!

There had never been word of love between us. He was too noble to wrong me, or deceive. His thoughts of me had been of friendship only; but *I* loved *him*—I loved him with my whole passionate heart, and he called *me* "Little sister!"

And this pale, simple girl had been his betrothed for years, he told me. Poverty had kept them asunder, but now he had made himself a position in the profession, had obtained an engagement for her in the same company—better prospects smiled upon them, and they would be married very soon. All this he told me as he took me home—*she* was not through yet; he was going back for her—and he grieved for my grief and strove to comfort me.

"You are so young and beautiful, my child, with such fair prospects lying bright before you you will forget this fancy—'tis *but* a fancy, Cora—and be happy, some day, in a worthier love than mine."

I held some roses in my hand that had been given me as I left the theatre. I crushed them, with a sudden grasp, into a shapeless heap, and let the torn leaves shower from my fingers to the ground. The blood fell with them where the thorns had pierced.

"When these dead roses live again I shall forget," I replied. "Not until then."

We were standing just inside the threshold of my room, the rose-leaves lying scattered around our feet.

"My life is like those flowers," I cried. "A moment since bright, beautiful and precious; and now—worthless, ruined! Would to God that I could end it as easily as I can crush rose!"

He caught me in his arms.

"Child! child!" was all he said; but I cast my arms around his neck and sobbed upon his bosom.

"Kiss me once!" I cried to him. "You have never kissed me. Your lips will be hers for evermore—let them be mine to-night."

Was it wicked? I did not mean it so. I had no thought of sin—no thought of anything but love and bitter grief. And yet sin came of it; but he was not to blame. I was the temptress—as woman has been from the beginning.

Six months later he married her. O God! how did I live through that day? He was my lover, but he married her. I had contrived to put the wedding off from time to time, by tears, by prayers. I thought if Heaven would grant me the fulfillment of one hope, so that I might say to him upon my bended knees, "For our child's sake, let me be your wife!" all would be well; but I hoped and prayed in vain.

And so I lost him, for whose dear sake I lost all. Never again my lover, her husband now, he went away with her, and I was left alone—hopeless, loveless, childless, and worse than widowed. I had brooded so over the thought and hope of a child—his child, my darling's child!—that now, when I realized that the hope was void and vain I found my life was desolate. My baby! its blue eyes, its little rings of soft, gold hair, its tiny hands, and dove-like, cooing voice. I had pictured it to myself such countless times. Could it be that, after all, it had never had actual existence? I seemed to have possessed it, nursed it in my arms. Alas, it was but a dream, of which the memory alone remained to torture me. No child would ever call *me* "Mother." I must go lonely to my grave! While *she*—that other, happier woman, whom he had made his wife—was soon to be a mother also. When first I heard it, it drove me mad!

The hate of hell burned in my heart against them—against her and her child, I mean. Not for him—never for him! I loved him ever! I laid my plans, I changed my name, I made all my arrangements very quietly. Next season, when all the theatres opened, I had an engagement in the same company as Carlo and his wife. They were very uneasy at first; I could see that. She had been jealous of me of old, and he was half afraid of my influence over him; but I was so careful, so prudent, so cold, that presently I disarmed their fears. Poor fools! poor, simple fools!

The baby was three months old. I had not seen it—there was time enough; the season was to last ten months—the child should be in my hands before that time was over. "What for?" *Parbleu!* what can I tell? A woman will do strange things when she is angry—when she is crazed with jealousy and hunger of the soul. *I* had no child! Then why should *she* be so much richer? My child had been denied existence. Why should hers live? But when at last I saw it—oh, the change! It was *my* baby—the child of my fond, vain, idle dreams that were never fulfilled. There were the blue eyes and glossy rings of hair, the tiny dimpling hands and heavenly smile. Great Heavens! she had my child as well as my lover—it was too much!

I had been very patient hitherto, but patience was over now. Six months I had waited without even seeing the child, but the moment I did see it I felt as if I could not wait another day; I longed so to possess it, to devour it with kisses, to fold it close in my sore long empty arms, to ease my so long hungry heart! But she watched it well. Do you think it was an easy matter to take that baby away? I did not find it so; nevertheless I succeeded at last. I contrived to win the nurse-girl's liking; that was easy enough. I boarded in the same house as my enemy. A flower, a ribbon, a little flattering word now and then—these trifles were enough to please her. I never took any special notice of the child. I dared not trust myself. Once only I put my lips to its tiny hand. Ah, Heaven! the warm, sweet, velvet touch, how it thrilled to my desolate soul!

My mind was so much absorbed in my plans, I was so constantly watching for an opportunity to put them into execution, that I never once noticed how people began to talk about me. They found me absent, distrait, preoccupied. Sometimes, they said, I laughed and muttered to myself—sometimes, on being spoken to, I seemed to neither hear nor answer. One day a whisper reached me: "Corella is going mad!" Ha, ha, ha, ha! I laughed out long and loud—it makes me laugh, even now, to think of it! Mad! The dull idiots! *I?* Corella Corelli? Not one among them had plans so clear, purpose so firm, brain so intensely active. Only I could *not* control a curious trouble and disturbance in my thoughts, an inclination to forget my real surroundings, and laugh and talk and sing to the child—*my* child, that I was forever fancying in my arms—my child, that I had been cheated of so vilely and so long, but that was so soon to be my own—all mine forever!

It was the opening night of a great star. I was out of the bill, but my enemy went to the theatre early, leaving the babe at home. Here was the chance I had waited for. I watched her and Carlo from my window till they were out of sight, then I went to their room.

"Nellie," said I, "there are tickets for the theatre. Shouldn't you like to go to-night?"

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, indeed I should, ma'am," cried she. "But what would I do with the baby?"

Then I persuaded her. Why not take the child along? Well wrapped up, it could take no harm, and her mistress need never even know. I tempted the simple creature with glowing descriptions of the wonders she would see, and in the end she went, with my darling asleep in her arms. Then I hastened to a certain house where I had secured a room. I disguised myself completely, put on a thick veil, and went to the theatre too. One hour later I returned, half wild with joy. What words can paint the rapture of that hour? At last I had my baby in my arms. I laid it down upon the bed and fell on my knees beside it. I kissed its hands, its lovely eyes, its little rosy feet. I wept and cried aloud, thanking God for so much happiness. The woman who stood by me, who was to have the charge of it, wept with me for very sympathy and pity. I told her it had been stolen from me long ago—oh, I was cunning!—I told a simple, touching story. My enemies would try hard to get it back, I said; but she must hide it—must guard it night and day.

"For it is *mine!*" I cried. "It is mine—mine—mine!" and I knelt and called on God to witness it. She never doubted me.

"'Tis easy seen you are its mother," she said. "None but the mother would take on over it so."

I flung my arms around her and kissed and blessed her for the words. Then I tore myself away. It was necessary to show myself at the theatre, in order to disarm suspicion. I went there, and remained long enough for all to see me; then I went home to the hotel.

When my enemy found that the child was gone, the outcry that she made was such that you would have deemed there had never been an infant lost in the world before. The nurse had come home half dead with fear, and flung herself down at her mistress' feet, with some wild story about a strange old woman with black eyes and snow-white hair, who had asked to hold the baby for a moment; and how she, its nurse, being absorbed in the interest of the play, had taken no special notice of her till the curtain fell, and then the old woman had disappeared, taking the infant with her.

The hotel was in confusion—one might have supposed there had been a murder, or a fire. Doors were standing open, with people all around them in whispering, pitying groups, some only half dressed, for it was after midnight; messengers ran to and fro, police-officers were questioning the frightened, weeping nurse; a doctor elbowed through the crowd, hastily summoned to my enemy, whose agonizing screams rang through the house until my blood ran cold to hear them; they pierced my brain, they thrilled my heart, my soul; I stopped my ears lest I should pity her—I, who had suffered as she was suffering now—nay, more cruelly; for when she stole from me my heart's idol and treasure my agony was the bitterer for that I bore it and made no sign.

Of all strange mysteries of our human nature I think maternal instinct is most wonderful. Not the least particle of evidence pointed to me, no breath of suspicion connected my name with her misfortune, and yet that wretched mother *knew* who it was that had stolen her child!

She sent her husband to me—once more we were alone together, Carlo and I. At the sight of him—*there*, in my room—I had sunk down in a chair, quite overcome. That strange sense of trouble in my brain oppressed me more than it had ever done before. The memory of the past was on me, confusing the present. I knew not which was the reality, which the dream. Was Carlo faithful, and the child my very own? Had all the pain and anguish of my desolate heart been but an evil fancy of the brain? He was speaking, but I could not listen. I could only gaze at him, wondering and bewildered; he knelt before my chair, and, in his earnestness, caught both my hands in his—ah, how many, many times had he knelt by me so! The real present faded altogether from my mind—the past came back—he was my lover once more! A blissful sense of happiness stole o'er me; I put my arms about his neck, and laid my cheek upon his sunny hair; I was about to tell him of our child——

What fools are men! Especially when they have to deal with women! He started from my arms as if a snake had clasped him, and, looking down upon me with a stern, pale face, bade me remember his wife! Ha, ha, ha, ha! His wife—Carlo's wife—the woman who claimed my child! Ah, it was well that he reminded me! I had forgotten her—forgotten all my wrongs—another moment and he would have known where to find my darling! Nay, even still he might have known it if he had been wise. I loved you so, Carlo, heart of my life, that had you but asked *in your own name*, I could have denied you nothing! But he prayed me—*me*—"to have pity on *his wife!*"—me, whom he had abandoned, whose true heart he had broken for her sake!

It is all like looking back on a troubled dream. I cannot remember clearly. Did I see the mother prostrate at my feet, with her white face of agony upraised to Heaven, praying the curse of God to fall on the wretch who had stolen her child, or did they only tell me of her ravings? What matter now? But it tortured me to have her grieve so for *my* baby. Had she not her husband? Was not that enough? Insatiable woman! Could not Carlo's love control you? Must nothing at all be mine?

Weeks went wearily by. I dared not even visit my hidden treasure. Carlo suspected me, and had me watched by the police. How I laughed, alone in my room! I knew I could baffle them all! One only might have been too cunning for me, but she was delirious with brain fever. Poor wretch! how I pitied and despised her—sick when she most needed to be wise and well, weak and helpless when she should have been most strong!

At last the season closed, and the company drifted wide asunder. For five years I lived in peace and saw my enemy no more.

* * * * * * * * *

Those five years had wrought a change in me. I passed for a widow, with a lovely little boy of six years old. A silent, quiet woman, living my own reserved life, and seeking no companion but the child. No one at the theatre ever knew where I really lodged; and as I dressed alone, and was engaged only to dance between the pieces, I had really nothing to do with the regular actors, who, finding me unsociable, left me pretty much alone, as seemed to suit my humor. In this way the gossip of the theatre seldom reached my ears, and so it happened that I was ignorant of certain contemplated changes in the company; and, coming down to the treasury one morning, and strolling round idly with my boy to the stage, I came quite suddenly, and without a word or thought of warning, upon the woman whom I had robbed of her child! The shock almost killed me. I stood, stunned and mute, staring at her, unable to think or move. A great, unreasoning fear of her possessed me—a horror, as if she had been a ghost. She was greatly changed. Her face was sad and stern, and looked the whiter for her dead-black dress. There were lines of pain and sorrow round her mouth, which no longer wore its perpetual happy smile; her eyes, too, were faded, as with tears; and though her fair, bright hair was slow to show a change, I saw the silver tarnishing the gold. For all that, there was a certain air of calm and quiet strength about her, and my fear grew on me as I realized that this *woman* would be more difficult to deal with than the girl of other days. She had not seen me. I might have stolen away unnoticed, perhaps; but suddenly my little Carl, with all a child's quick curiosity, exclaimed aloud:

"Oh, look, mamma—who's dat?"

And at the sound she turned and saw us both. She knew me. More, she knew the child. A loud, wild scream broke from her lips, and she sprang, with open arms, to seize him. But I was too quick. I flung him behind me, and he clung to my dress, hiding his face in terror. I put out my hands, grasping hers, to keep her back; and thus we two women stood, face to face, and hand to hand at last, watching each other with eyes of angry fire, and hearts full nigh to bursting with hatred and revenge. She broke the silence first. Flinging my hands away with a look of loathing, she said, with scorn and passion indescribable:

"Give back my child!"

It was a menace to a slave. It was a high command to a whipped cur. It set my blood on fire with rage and hate. I gazed into her white face and defied her.

"This child is *mine!*" I cried. People gathered round in fear and wonder. I addressed them, speaking boldly to them all: "She is crazed, this woman! The child she lost was a girl—let *my boy* himself decide between us. Say, then, my darling"—I dropped upon my knees beside the little angel—"is it that you will stay with me or go with her?"

Concerning that same wondrous instinct of the maternal heart I have heard it argued that God, when He created it, placed also in the spirit of the child a chord that responds always to the mother's voice. Secretly I trembled for my own test. But they are dreaming fools who say so—there's no such thing in nature!

"Carlo will stay with his own mamma," he answered, and laid his rosy cheek against my dress.

The woman started violently. Her lips grew ashy pale—the fire in her blue eyes burned red as blood.

"You have dared to name him by my husband's name?" she whispered hoarsely.

A thought flashed through my brain—a way to wound her. I raised my head defiantly.

"Why not?" I cried. "Your husband was his father!"

She uttered a cry, she made a movement towards me as if she would have killed me where I stood. I shrank from her, even I; but she controlled herself.

"Woman, you slander the dead!" was all she said.

All—but enough! It had been her turn to stab, and she had killed me! Dead! Carlo dead!

I turned, without another word, and led the child away, no one offering to stop me. I went to the theatre no more, and none knew where to find me. I put a black frock on the little one, and told it: "Your father is dead, my own." And I felt that my heart had broken at last, and my life was done, but I never shed a single tear.

"Carlo is dead! My Carlo is dead and buried!"

This I said over and over again to myself as I walked the floor the whole night long, and many and many a night. Sometimes I pictured how he had looked when he was dying—sometimes fancy showed him to me now, mouldering in his shroud? Ugh! The horror of that thought stung and goaded me afresh to action; and so I could not rest—night or day, body or brain, I could not rest. My sleepless eyeballs burned like fire, my brain ached wearily—strange voices sang and whispered in my ears—among them Carlo's voice. "Carlo is dead!" I cried aloud in anguish; but he answered me—aye, from out of his grave—"Corella is going mad!"

"Mad!" Was not that what they whispered long ago? And I laughed at them so! Ha, ha, ha, ha! It makes me laugh again—ha, ha, ha, ha! A joke! A very good joke! Carlo is dead, and I cannot weep for him, but I can laugh—oh, how merrily! To think that he should remember that in his grave! For—"Carlo is dead!" Hark! Do you hear him answer? "Corella is going mad!"

The church-bells—I recollect it all now; I came out of a terrible, black darkness at the sound of the church-bells; I could scarcely walk, I was so weak and worn; but I dragged myself to the church to pray for Carlo's soul. Alas! what a place for me! How many years since I had been here before? Long, long ago. Not since I was an innocent girl—not since that night when I cast my soul away—when I kissed Carlo's lips as I lay upon his breast, with our feet among the crushed and ruined roses. What did I do in the church? I saw you, good Father, standing at the altar, and heard you ask: "What is so strong and sweet and deep as the mercy and love of Christ?" Was it? who cried out, aloud and despairing: "Hatred is stronger! jealousy is stronger! and revenge—ah, revenge is sweeter far!" Carlo is dead indeed, and, being dead, speaks truly—"Corella is going mad!"

The child—where is the child? Ah, sweet, cling close around me. I have loved her well, Father, and it is for *her* dear sake I have made full confession. Yes, yes, she is my enemy's child. My enemy? Carlo is dead—*she* must have suffered too. I forgive! I forgive! Take back the babe. I forgive, as I would be forgiven!

"The wages of sin is death!" Who said those words? Pray for me, all kind souls; oh, pray for me—and Carlo! The wages of our sin is paid to him already, and for me, too, the end draws very near. Let Blanche take back her child—my little Carlo. So, I have made restitution; I have suffered. Forgive me, Heaven, "as we forgive—all those—who—trespass against ——"

How dark it grows! Ah, well! That's as it should be—when the play is played—the lights go—out—and then ——

Ring—ring down—the curtain!—all—all—the light has gone—dark! dark! The drama—of—Corella's life—is ended.

BREAKING THE NEWS GENTLY.

A miner whom we will call Hughes fell down a winze in one of the Comstock mines, several years ago, and was killed. His companions gathered up his remains, and, putting them in an express-wagon, started for his home. Another miner, a fine, good-hearted fellow, was sent on ahead to bear the sad news to the bereaved family. All the way along he was discussing with himself as to how he should tell the terrible story so as not to crush the unfortunate household: but he reached the house before having settled definitely upon his plan. Meeting Mrs. Hughes at the door, he accosted her in the usual manner of an acquaintance, and then said:

"Where's George to-day, Mrs. Hughes?"

"He's at work in the mine, as usual, thank you, sir," replied the woman.

"How is he feeling to-day?" was the next question. The news-bearer was becoming desperate. He was a brave man, who would not have feared a caving drift or a delayed blast, whose heart was so tender that he did not know how to tell a woman of her husband's death.

What shock or surprise Mrs. Hughes answered the last question: "About as well as he generally does, I believe."

The man was desperate, and not knowing what to say, he blurted out: "I'll bet you ten dollars he's dead, and here comes the body in a wagon."

He swallowed a big lump in his throat and wiped a piece of porphyry out of his left eye with his shirt sleeve. Afterwards, in talking over the matter with his comrades, he said it was the greatest trial he had ever experienced, and that hereafter when a man was killed they might call on somebody else to tell the news.—*Gold Hill News.*

Hood called the slamming of a door by an angry person "a wooden oath."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

I.—Morning.

Past old gray mill and babbling brook,
Past wood and sweet with song,
Past reedy bank and sheltered nook,
They drifted slow along;
And they heard not the song of the bird or stream,
They saw not the sky was blue;
But that all was bright in the morning light,
They knew—they knew.

II.—Noon.

Through many a hazy mist of care,
Through noon day toil well borne,
Through gladsome joys that both might share,
They drifted since the morn;
And they heeded not the briars and thorns
And weeds that round them grew;
But that hand in hand they still might stand,
They knew—they knew.

III.—Night.

Through lands aglow with sunsets bright,
Through vales of smiles and tears,
They passed—their scant locks gleaming white
With the whiteness of the years,
And they heeded not the Reaper's tread,
Nor felt that the night-wind blew;
But that hand in hand they e'er would stand,
They knew—they knew.

THE GEM OF THE SOUTH:

AND THE PRICE PAID FOR IT BY THE PAWNBROKER OF ESSEX SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Jacob Hernstein was eminently a practical man. There was not a grain of sentiment in his composition; not a suspicion of sympathy in his nature. He looked upon the world very much as he looked upon the articles brought to his shop to pawn—things were either solid or plated. Jacob Hernstein wanted nothing to do with the plated. For the solids, he endeavored to get hold of them for one quarter of their value and to dispose of them for all they were worth.

This much by way of insight into Jacob Hernstein's character. Further it is necessary only to explain that he was a middle-aged Hebrew, with prominent nose, high, narrow forehead, a piercing black eye, and an inherited faculty for detecting gold from brass. This latter accomplishment applied not only to metals, but to men. Above all things, he prided himself on his ability to discern whether a person who applied to him for a loan had come honestly into possession of the article offered as security. When his instinct told him that the watch or jewel had been stolen, he refused to take the watch or jewel on any terms. Holding fast to this policy, he escaped the embarrassments into which others of his calling often fall. Nothing was ever found in Jacob Hernstein's shop which could be directly traced to a thief. The secret of this lay in that faculty which I have called inherited, and which enabled the pawnbroker of Essex square to distinguish gold from brass.

On the evening of one blustering November day, Jacob Hernstein sat alone in his musty little shop reading a newspaper. He had locked up his safe for the night and turned down the gas to a dim flame. It lacked only ten minutes to seven, the hour at which the law compelled Jacob to close his shop. He sat, therefore, prepared to obey the law, and likewise prepared—while the law permitted—to engage in business. He improved the opportunity, without wasting gas, to read the newspaper. While he thus sat, the street door opened and a man entered the room. Jacob straightway laid aside his newspaper, rose up from his chair and took his position behind the counter.

"Mr. Hernstein, I believe?" said the man.

"Dat ish my name," replied Jacob. "Vat can I do for you?"

The man glanced about him suspiciously, and then rejoined, in a subdued tone:

"We are alone, are we?"

"Ve vas entirely alone," answered Jacob.

The man thrust his hand into an inner pocket of his coat and drew out a small package. Removing several layers of paper, he produced a jewel-box elaborately inlaid with pearl, opened it, and revealed a diamond. It was a diamond which caused Jacob Herustein to open his eyes in wonder. It was such a diamond as he had read of, but never seen. His practiced eye detected at once its absolute purity and great value. He guessed its weight at twenty carats. It was magnificently cut and of the first water. When the man removed it from the box and held it up to the light, it flashed and glared with a glory which seemed to illuminate the whole room. Jacob Hernstein drew in a long breath, and his dark eyes gleamed with a strange fire. But he did not permit his admiration to take form in speech. He waited, with apparent indifference, until the stranger should make known his business.

"What do you think of that?" asked the man, glancing from the gem to the pawnbroker's face.

"How much did you vant on it?" returned Jacob cautiously. He had been studying the stranger as well as admiring the diamond. He had reached the conclusion that the former was plated—in other words, that he had come into possession of the precious stone dishonestly.

"How much do I want?" repeated the man slowly. "Have you any idea of the value of this stone?"

He handed the case to Jacob as he spoke, and the latter examined the diamond critically.

"Vell, it ought have cost five thousan' dollars," he said at last.

The stranger laughed derisively.

"If you can find another like it for twice that sum, I will give it to you as a present."

"How much did you vant on it?" repeated Jacob, averse to engaging in any argument.

"There is not money enough in the world to induce me to part with that stone!" replied the stranger.

Mr. Hernstein laid down the case and looked at the clock. It wanted but five minutes of the time for closing his shop. Any loan was to be effected it must be done at once.

"How much does you vant on it?" he asked for the third time, fixing his dark eyes on the stranger's face.

"I want no money," replied the man. "You can possess yourself of that diamond—the rarest in this country—not as security for a loan, but as your own property, and it will not cost you a dollar!"

Jacob Hernstein's eyes flashed at these words.

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"By giving me your daughter as a wife!"

The Hebrew stood for a full minute staring at the stranger in silence. Then his face grew livid with rage.

"Get out of my shop!" he cried. "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood? Ish dat vat you ask Jacob Hernstein to do? Get out of my shop, and may curses rest upon your head!"

The man took up the jewel-case, returned it to his pocket, and, looking steadily at the pawnbroker, answered:

"I will go, as you command. But if you should change your mind, Jacob—if you should ever conclude to accept the offer which I have made to you here to-night—a word sent to this address will be sufficient. Remember, the diamond I offer you for your daughter's hand is the Gem of the South!"

The stranger laid a card upon the counter, and without another word passed out of the musty little shop.

In a paroxysm of rage, the pawnbroker snatched up the card, and, without reading it, tore it into pieces. Then he bolted the door, turned out the light, and made his way up the stairs which led to his dwelling apartments. And all this while he was muttering to himself: "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood?"

II.

All men are monomaniacs, could we read their minds aright. Not all imagine themselves kings, nor do all run mad over musty books and old china. I have known a man whose mania was coffins, and I have known another who would sell his soul to any Mephistopheles that might offer a sufficient number of postage-stamps as a price. Jacob Hernstein's mania was diamonds. He loved his daughter Rebecca, not with any foolish sentiment, but with the natural affection of a father. He loved her more sincerely than he loved anything on earth—excepting diamonds!

When the pawnbroker sought his bed that night it was not to sleep. Whether he closed his eyes, or whether he lay staring into the darkness about him, he saw only the dazzling stone which the stranger had shown him. All night long he tossed restlessly in his bed, muttering at intervals, "Vould I sell my own flesh and blood?" In the morning he arose, calmer, but with a strange light in his dark eyes. Was he not an honorable man—this money-lender of Essex square? He would do nothing dishonorable—not even for diamonds. He would not sell his own flesh and blood!

When Jacob Hernstein descended to his shop that morning he carefully picked up the pieces of card-board which contained the stranger's address, and placed them in a drawer of his safe. Then he sat down to think. And behold, glittering before him—dazzling his eyes whichever way he turned them—was the vision of the marvelous diamond, the Gem of the South!

III.

All that is most beautiful in the Hebrew woman was to be found in Rebecca Hernstein. A perfectly oval face, of that deep, dark complexion which is still transparent enough to reveal the rich blood beneath; eyes black, lustrous, and reflecting at all times the workings of the mind—a broad, low forehead, shaded by a wealth of glorious, blue-black hair; nose small and straight, with the lines of the nostrils finely curved; a mouth of wondrous mobility, and a full, delicately-rounded chin—this, as nearly as my poor pen may picture it, was the face of Rebecca Hernstein. At the age of twenty, with the charms of womanhood ripened to maturity, she was strikingly beautiful. At the age of twenty Rebecca Hernstein was a petted, high-spirited girl, who had learned to love with the intensity characteristic of her race. The man I am writing of in her heart was worthy of the treasure. He was young, ambitious and loyal. His suit had met with the approval of Jacob, and, in accordance with the Jewish custom, the engagement of Daniel Dosmann and Rebecca Hernstein had been publicly proclaimed.

One evening, a week after the stranger's visit, Jacob Hernstein sat in the parlor over his shop—for it was past the hours of business—his face buried in his hands and his eyes fixed vacantly on the floor. Albeit this parlor was over a shop, it was richly furnished. Perhaps the rare pictures and costly bric-a-brac which adorned the room had found their way there over the counter downstairs—but they were none the less rare and costly for that. The pawnbroker, as I have said, sat staring vacantly at the carpet on the floor. And yet even there, on the carpet, he saw something—something which glared and flashed in the uncertain light of the grate fire. It was the diamond—the Gem of the South.

A door leading into an adjoining room opened, and Rebecca entered the parlor. She was dressed in an exuberance of color which would have seemed vulgar on a less beautiful woman. It seemed perfectly in keeping with the deep hues of Rebecca's face and eyes.

"What is it that troubles you, father?" said the girl, seating herself at Jacob's side. "You have not been yourself for a week."

Without raising his eyes or taking any notice of her question, the pawnbroker asked:

"Is Daniel coming here to-night?"

"No, but he promised to come to-morrow night."

"I vants you to send him vord not to come to-morrow night. Dere is a gentleman vat I vishes you to know—a friend of mine, Rebecca—and he vill be here to-morrow night. Send vord to Daniel not to come!"

"And pray who is the gentleman that I may not meet when Daniel is present?" Rebecca looked wonderingly at her father as she put this question.

"He vas a friend of mine—a particular friend," answered Jacob. "It is enough for you to know that I vishes you to see him vhen Daniel is not present!"

Rebecca's face flushed angrily. She was on the point of replying to her father, when the latter raised his head, and, fixing his eyes upon her, said:

"I vas always kind to you, vas I not, Rebecca?"

"You have been very kind to me," answered the girl.

"Vell, then, do not be angered with me now. I vishes you to see this friend of mine to-morrow night; after that Daniel may come the same as ever."

The girl arose, and, bending over her father, kissed his brow. The flash of the diamonds in her ears made him shudder.

"I will do as you wish," she said.

As the evening wore on, Rebecca fell to reading a newspaper, while Jacob still sat before the fire, thinking. Breaking a long silence, the girl at last looked up from the paper and exclaimed:

"Oh, father, here is a diamond which you ought to have!"

Jacob turned sharply about in his chair.

"Vat is it?" he demanded, almost furiously.

"This diamond I have been reading about. Just listen!" And she read from the paper: "There has been on exhibition for the past few days at Munson & Co.'s jewelry establishment the most remarkable diamond ever seen in this country. It weighs fully twenty carats, but its value is due more to its purity and brilliancy than to its size. It is called the Gem of the South ——"

Jacob Hernstein sprang from his chair and snatched the paper from his daughter's hands.

"I vill hear no more, Rebecca—it is a lie! It vas all a lie! Dere vas no such diamond as the Gem of the South!"

And he tore the paper into pieces, still repeating: "It vas a lie—it vas all a lie, Rebecca!"

IV.

From that moment when Jacob Hernstein's eyes looked upon the marvelous diamond which was offered as the price of his daughter Rebecca, two conflicting spirits took possession of his mind. The name of one of these spirits was Avarice, and the name of the other was Affection. They fought desperately and long, but in the end Avarice triumphed.

When the proposition had first been made to him that he should sell his daughter for a precious stone, the pawnbroker of Essex square was ready to kick the stranger out of his shop. Affection was completely the master then. On the morning following, Avarice had gained a foothold, and the pieces of the stranger's card were picked up from the floor. By another day, Affection had lost still more of its first advantage, and the address on the card was read: "Alexander Weymes, No. 413 Wescott place." Those were the words which Jacob deciphered from the torn bits of pasteboard. And after that, Avarice crushed Affection and took possession of the man's soul. On the fifth day he wrote a letter requesting an interview with Alexander Weymes. With the sealing of that letter Affection turned away in sorrow, and Avarice was left the victor.

Alexander Weymes made his way again to the pawnbroker's shop in Essex square, carrying the Gem of the South in his breast-pocket. Jacob greeted him with a strange mingling of pleasure and fear. He bolted the door, drew down the curtains, and led his visitor into a small office at the rear of the shop.

"Vell," he said in a voice tremulous and husky, "you have come."

"I have come," answered Weymes, "as you desired."

"You have brought the diamond with you?" continued Jacob eagerly.

By way of reply the man drew forth the jewel-case and opened it. The pawnbroker bent forward and gloated over the glittering stone.

"I took it from Munson & Co.'s immediately on receipt of your letter," he explained.

"And you vill part with this diamond on no other terms than those you proposed?"

"On no other terms!" answered Weymes. "Give me your daughter Rebecca for my wife, and the Gem of the South is yours!"

He held up the case to the light as he spoke so that the full glare of the diamond might fall upon Jacob's eyes. The face of the money-lender was ashen pale. His thin hands were clasped together as though in supplication. At that terrible moment did Affection make one last effort to save him? Who shall say?

"Rebecca is already the promised wife of another," he said, speaking the words slowly. "She loves that other very dearly."

"The girl will obey her father, will she not?" returned Weymes.

"She cannot marry outside of her own people."

"I am a Jew!" was the reply.

A silence fell upon the two men. With his eyes riveted on the diamond, Jacob Hernstein sat clutching his thin hands, while the perspiration gathered in great beads upon his brow.

"Well?" said Weymes, at last.

"Give me the diamond," answered the pawnbroker, "and you shall have my daughter Rebecca for your wife."

A smile of triumph passed over the brutal face of Alexander Weymes. But the pawnbroker of Essex square did not see it. He saw nothing save the diamond.

V.

Alexander Weymes and Rebecca Hernstein were man and wife. There had been fierce resistance, there had been tears and supplication, there had been wild paroxysms of grief,

AMUSEMENT ANNALS---CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXXVIII.

YANKEE HILL IN ENGLAND.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.
THIS EVENING, TUESDAY, NOV. 1, 1836,
their Majesties' servants will perform Balfe's original opera of
THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

Count de Rosenberg.....Mr. Seguin
Marquis de Valmour (in love with Clara).....Mr. Wilson
Montalban (the reputed father of Clara).....Mr. Glubelei
Michel (servant to the Count).....Mr. M. W. Balfe
Corporal Schwartz.....Mr. Henry
Arino (a monk).....Mr. Bedford
Clara.....Miss Shirreff
Euphemia.....Miss Hamilton|Cynthia.....Miss Somerville
Marcella (wife of Michel).....Miss Forde
After which (first time) a local and characteristic sketch, in one act, entitled
THE YANKEE PEDLAR, OR OLD TIMES IN VIRGINIA.
By the author of "The Nervous Man," "The Middy Ashore," "The Man About Town," "The Kentuckian," "Rip Van Winkle," etc.

Colonel Bantem Mr. Bartley|Slingsby..... Mr. Hooper
Morland..... Brindle|Cowpens.....Mr. Meadows
Hiram Dodge (the Yankee Pedlar).....Mr. Hill
(His first appearance on the English stage).
Sam Slouch.....Mr. Honner|Miss Nancy Bantem Miss Lee
Old Pomp.....Mr. T. Matthews|Miriam.....Mrs. East
To conclude with Weber's grand opera of
DER FREISCHUTZ.

Ottocar.....Mr. Henry|Zamiel.....Mr. Howell
Bernhard.....Mr. S. Jones
Hermit.....Mr. Butler
Adolph.....Mr. Wilson|Linda.....Miss Romer
Caspar.....Mr. Bedford|Rose.....Miss Poole
Killian.....Mr. Durusset

The astounding effects produced by the unrivaled performances of MR. EDWIN FORREST
in Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of "Othello" having placed him at the very head of his profession, and established him as the most extraordinary actor of modern times, and that play having been received throughout with unprecedented enthusiasm, it will be repeated to-morrow evening.

Othello.....Mr. E. Forrest|Desdemona.....Miss Taylor
Iago.....Mr. Wardé|Emelia .....Miss Huddart
Cassio.....Mr. Cooper

And he will have the honor of making his first appearance on Friday next in "King Lear."

To-morrow, Shakespeare's tragedy of "Othello," Othello by Mr. Edwin Forrest. On Thursday, Shakespeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," Juliet by a young lady (her first appearance on this stage). After which Auber's popular ballet-opera of "The Maid of Cashmere," in which the celebrated danseuse of the Academie Royale at Paris,
MADEMOISELLE DUVERNAY,
will have the honor of sustaining her original character of
ZELICA.

On Friday (first time these seven years), Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear"—Lear, Mr. E. Forrest; Edgar, Mr. Cooper; Edmund, Mr. Wardé; Cordelia, Miss Taylor; Regan (on this occasion), Miss Huddart.

On Saturday will be produced, on a scale of extraordinary splendor, a new grand opera, in three acts, embodying all the musical talent, and calling into action the vast resources of this theatre, entitled
THE SIEGE OF CORINTH,
founded on the splendid poem of that name, written by the late Right Honorable Lord Byron, with the whole of the celebrated music by Rossini, being the first time of its performance on the English stage.

Michael William Balfe, violinist, baritone vocalist, manager and composer, died Oct. 20, 1870. Edward Seguin came to America in 1838, and died in White street, this city, on Dec. 13, 1852. Pulmonary disease had unfitted him for the lyric stage, and he became an actor at Wallack's Theatre. There his last appearance was made on any stage, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 11, 1851. The widow of Seguin, like the widow of Balfe, still survives. Both were vocalists of repute forty years ago—the former as Miss Anne Childe, and the latter as Mlle. Lina Roser. Two or three of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seguin have been on the vocal stage, and young Edward is the husband of the operatic artist who was formerly Miss Zelida Harrison. Of the four children of Mr. and Mrs. Balfe, there is surviving only a son, who two years ago was in mercantile business in this city, and is probably so engaged yet. John Wilson was a noted Scotch tenor, who came to America with Edward Seguin, and died of cholera on July 9, 1849, either in Quebec, where he is buried, or in Montreal. His widow died suddenly, while bathing, about the Summer of 1852. M. Glubelei, as his name indicates, was of Italian parentage, but was born in London, where as a basso he filled the place in public favor made vacant by the departure of Seguin for America. Glubelei and his wife, who was a fascinating dancer, came to this country in 1839. She died in London in 1848, and he in Naples, Italy. An American authority states that he died in 1845, while an English one gives the time as Dec. 4, 1846, both giving his age as forty-four years. It is not generally known that his brother also visited this country professionally. The Bedford who impersonated Azino was probably Paul John Bedford, who had not then become a low-comedian. He had, however, been a comic singer in concert-halls, and he became such again just before his death. There was another Bedford who sang in opera. He it may have been who was the Azino on this occasion, although Paul was figuring in opera at Drury-lane in this year (1836). Both are dead. It was for Paul's farewell benefit in London, by the way, that E. A. Sothern did what he repeated in this city last week—played Othello in the third act to the Iago of another W. H. Florence in one respect, viz., John Baldwin Buckstone. Of the Jones who is in the cast, there are in reality "misses" on our part. We presume that they are quite familiar to us under changed names due to wedlock. The fourth, Miss Jane Shirreff, came to America in 1838, returned to England in 1840, and at once went into retirement as Mrs. Walcot, which last proceeding, assuming that she is still living, shields her from further scrutiny. The opera, whose theme was identical with that of "Linda di Chamounix," was originally produced on Oct. 29, 1835, at Drury lane. The libretto was furnished by Edward Fitzball, whose death did not occur until Oct. 27, 1873, when he was eighty-three years old, and who will always be kindly remembered, apart from his merit as a dramatist, as the author of the words of the song of "My Pretty Jane." "The Siege of Rochelle" was a great success, and "ran" nearly the entire season. Especially approved were the songs of "Hail the early beams of morning," "Vive le Roi," and "When I wed the gallant chor weighed." Balfe was crowned with a wreath on the first night, and in bending over to congratulate or shake hands with the young composer the people in the side-boxes narrowly escaped standing upon their heads. The first time that Queen Victoria ever visited a theatre in state was when "The Siege of Rochelle" was revived at Drury-lane by special request.

This brings us to the farce of "The Yankee Pedlar." As it is stated that its author was also the author of "Rip Van Winkle," the explanation is due that the late Baylis Bernard, who wrote "The Kentuckian" for James H. Hackett, merely altered and improved, at the request of Hackett, the drama of "Rip Van Winkle," which the latter had first played about half a century ago. The hero of "The Kentuckian" was transplanted bodily from the late James Kirk Paulding's well-known story of "Lion of the West." George Handel Hill, for whom Bernard wrote "The Yankee Pedlar," was the son of Uriel C. Hill, a Boston musician. The son's life, which was born in London, where as a basso he filled the place in public favor made vacant by the departure of Seguin for America. Glubelei and his wife, who was a fascinating dancer, came to this country in 1839. She died in London in 1848, and he in Naples, Italy. An American authority states that he died in 1845, while an English one gives the time as Dec. 4, 1846, both giving his age as forty-four years. It is not generally known that his brother also visited this country professionally. The Bedford who impersonated Azino was probably Paul John Bedford, who had not then become a low-comedian. He had, however, been a comic singer in concert-halls, and he became such again just before his death. There was another Bedford who sang in opera. He it may have been who was the Azino on this occasion, although Paul was figuring in opera at Drury-lane in this year (1836). Both are dead. It was for Paul's farewell benefit in London, by the way, that E. A. Sothern did what he repeated in this city last week—played Othello in the third act to the Iago of another W. H. Florence in one respect, viz., John Baldwin Buckstone. Of the Jones who is in the cast, there are in reality "misses" on our part. We presume that they are quite familiar to us under changed names due to wedlock. The fourth, Miss Jane Shirreff, came to America in 1838, returned to England in 1840, and at once went into retirement as Mrs. Walcot, which last proceeding, assuming that she is still living, shields her from further scrutiny. The opera, whose theme was identical with that of "Linda di Chamounix," was originally produced on Oct. 29, 1835, at Drury lane. The libretto was furnished by Edward Fitzball, whose death did not occur until Oct. 27, 1873, when he was eighty-three years old, and who will always be kindly remembered, apart from his merit as a dramatist, as the author of the words of the song of "My Pretty Jane." "The Siege of Rochelle" was a great success, and "ran" nearly the entire season. Especially approved were the songs of "Hail the early beams of morning," "Vive le Roi," and "When I wed the gallant chor weighed." Balfe was crowned with a wreath on the first night, and in bending over to congratulate or shake hands with the young composer the people in the side-boxes narrowly escaped standing upon their heads. The first time that Queen Victoria ever visited a theatre in state was when "The Siege of Rochelle" was revived at Drury-lane by special request.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Oct. 15.

LADIES'.

Audley, Maude & Oiley
Avery, Carrie (2)
Arnold, Ida (with Heywood Bros.)
Aymar, Walter
Adair, Thos. J.
Almonte, Chas.
Arundel, O. S.
Burke, Maj. J. E.
Brennan, R. A.
Buckley, Jr., J. C.
Barton's Cir.)
Butler, Bob
Bell, F.
Byron, Ed. (late of Boylston Muse.)
Bangs, F. C.
Brown, E. G.
Bishop, Frank
Bishop, Mr. (of Bishop's Scenic)
Barlow, W. G.
Blossom, Nat
Barnum, Parks & Doceard
Bowers, W. L.
Blodgett, W. (of Georgia Minst.)
Brady, Jas. L.
Brae, J. M.
Borst, W. H.
Basye, E. C.
Collins, Chas. (with Color Guard)
Coin, Jas.
Crumley & De Forest
Clifton, J. (of Nib lo's Garden)
Conrad, W. (of Howe's Cir.)
Callender's Georgia Minst.
Craven, J. T. (comed.)
Corvella, Robt. (2)
Cotton, Ben
Chapman, Will E.
Chenet, J. (Agt. of Lehman Bros.)
Carey, Thos.
Cooper, Harry
Collyer, Geo.
Carter, Billy (banjoist)
Cleury, J. J.
Crosby, Chas. (agt. of Little Todd)
Cavana, Jerry
Duncan, W. C.
De Forrest, H. F.
Dowling & W. T. Stephens, J. J.
De B. J. (3)
Dade, Chas.
Delaney, C. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Davis, L. H. (of Howe's Cir)
Drew & Mitle
De Mott, Jas.
Davenport, Owen
Dunn, Fred.
Danborn, Dr. J. W. (2)
Dumont, Frank
Emidy, Richd. (2)
Emidy, A.
Edwards, E.
Foster & Hughes
Frink & Smith Geo. Everett)
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Fustin, M.
Foster, F. R.
Furbish, Chas. E.
Francois, Geo. W.
Fielding, Harry & Clara
Gilbert, W. J.
Goss, Ned
Gibbs, Clark
Gayler's Burlesque Co., Manager
Graves, Wm. F.
Gerson, E.
Grover, Jr., Holmes
Granger, Budd
Gore, Mrs.
Gray, Maggie (late of Cincinnati)
Hall, Lottie
Hindle, Annie
Hallett, Alta
Howard, Maude (opera)
Irwin Sisters
Kane, Georgie
Kneass, Mrs. Nelson (2)
Knight, Fannie (2)
Kimberley, Bessie
Lillian, Lena (of Murray's Dra. Co.)
Lynn Sisters
Lang, Ione (2) 9c.
Lee, Georgie
Leonard, Adele
Lester, Mrs. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Lyle, Edith
La Verde, Mrs. (2)
Livingston, Mrs. A.
Leroy, Liny
Marretta, Rosa
Mitchell, Lottie
Marshall, Florence
May, Gracie
Morton, Jennie (actress)
May, Fannie
Neville, Mrs. Emma J.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Austin, Chas. & Emma
Atchison, Lonnie D.
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Almonte, Geo.
Andrus, Prof.
Arnold, W. H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Aymar, Walter
Adair, Thos. J.
Almonte, Chas.
Arundel, O. S.
Burke, Maj. J. E.
Brennan, R. A.
Buckley, Jr., J. C.
Barton's Cir.)
Butler, Bob
Bell, F.
Byron, Ed. (late of Boylston Muse.)
Bangs, F. C.
Brown, E. G.
Bishop, Frank
Bishop, Mr. (of Bishop's Scenic)
Barlow, W. G.
Blossom, Nat
Barnum, Parks & Doceard
Bowers, W. L.
Blodgett, W. (of Georgia Minst.)
Brady, Jas. L.
Brae, J. M.
Borst, W. H.
Basye, E. C.
Collins, Chas. (with Color Guard)
Coin, Jas.
Crumley & De Forest
Clifton, J. (of Nib lo's Garden)
Conrad, W. (of Howe's Cir.)
Callender's Georgia Minst.
Craven, J. T. (comed.)
Corvella, Robt. (2)
Cotton, Ben
Chapman, Will E.
Chenet, J. (Agt. of Lehman Bros.)
Carey, Thos.
Cooper, Harry
Collyer, Geo.
Carter, Billy (banjoist)
Cleury, J. J.
Crosby, Chas. (agt. of Little Todd)
Cavana, Jerry
Duncan, W. C.
De Forrest, H. F.
Dowling & W. T. Stephens, J. J.
De B. J. (3)
Dade, Chas.
Delaney, C. (of Sprague's Minst.)
Davis, L. H. (of Howe's Cir)
Drew & Mitle
De Mott, Jas.
Davenport, Owen
Dunn, Fred.
Danborn, Dr. J. W. (2)
Dumont, Frank
Emidy, Richd. (2)
Emidy, A.
Edwards, E.
Foster & Hughes
Frink & Smith Geo. Everett)
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Fustin, M.
Foster, F. R.
Furbish, Chas. E.
Francois, Geo. W.
Fielding, Harry & Clara
Gilbert, W. J.
Goss, Ned
Gibbs, Clark
Gayler's Burlesque Co., Manager
Graves, Wm. F.
Gerson, E.
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Granger, Budd
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Hindle, Annie
Hallett, Alta
Howard, Maude (opera)
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Kneass, Mrs. Nelson (2)
Knight, Fannie (2)
Kimberley, Bessie
Lillian, Lena (of Murray's Dra. Co.)
Lynn Sisters
Lang, Ione (2) 9c.
Lee, Georgie
Leonard, Adele
Lester, Mrs. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Lyle, Edith
La Verde, Mrs. (2)
Livingston, Mrs. A.
Leroy, Liny
Marretta, Rosa
Mitchell, Lottie
Marshall, Florence
May, Gracie
Morton, Jennie (actress)
May, Fannie
Neville, Mrs. Emma J.
McClellan, Wm. C.
Magee, Col. Mullen & Morgan
Morris, W. (of Calender's Minst.)
Metzger, Jos. (of Intyre & Heath)
Meyatt, Chas. L.
Magee, Chem
Marion, Sam
Moulton, J. (light ning calculator)
Macdonald, John
Mortimer, J. K.
Miller, Sam H.
Morris, J. H.
Maynard, Eugene
Nicholls, R. Hamilton (2)
Nauton, A. (of Yarmouth, Eng.)
Origon, Tony
Orr, Jas. E. (2) 9c.
Orrin Bros.
Olson, Bonnie (variety "biz")
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A. (2)
Orsman, Irene (2)
Phillips, Amy (p. o. m. Milan, Italy)
Prestige, Fannie
Richings-Bernard, Caroline
Rosa, Millie (dancer)
Reynolds, Vic
Rainforth, May (of S. Fractor's Co.)
Rentz, Madam Rosa, Mlle.
Raimford, Alice
Shadelle, Mrs. F.
St. Felix, Madam
Shanley, Mrs. J.
Shields, Tillie
Stanhope, Addie (vocalist) (2)
Winnett, Florence
Wallace, Mrs. Matilda
Washburn, Libbie
Winnett, Mrs. Lottie
Wallace, Agnes
Warren, Josie
Wilson, Georgia
Willis, Vinie (of Manchester, Eng.)
Zonia, Mlle.

Gardner, Chas. (Hop light Loo)
Gibson & Bibby (2)
Gorman, Dick (of Gorman & Collyer)
Glasford, E. C.
Gorman, Eugene F.
Hayes, Ben
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Hankerson, Mr.
Hanlon, C. M.
Healy & Ella Saunders, M. C.
Herrzog, Dan
Hart, G. L.
Hill, Geo. A. (actor)
Hall, Frank A.
Hennessey, Jas. (ac. Huber, Fred.
Hodge, Cranford
Hurley, Joe
Hengler, D. B. (agent)
Hycombe, Chas. J.
Hess, C.
Hill, Mills
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Heldzer, Thos. (of Wednesbury, Eng.)
Harris, Wm. C. (violinist)
Hawley, Frank
Jennings, Theodore
Jerome, Thos. & Wallie
Johnson, Arthur G.
Jackson, J. E.
Jack, Jas. M.
Jennings, Earle L.
Jordan, J.
Kearney & Moran
Kersands, Wm.
Kraud, Oscar
Kelly, Frank
Levitt, Harry
Lester, Mr. (of Lester & Williams)
Levino Bros.
Levanion, G. (of Levanion Bros.)
Lennon, Geo. A.
Louden, Jeff. J.
Langden, W. H.
Lenhart, Master (armed-man) (2)
Love, Valentine
Loveday, Chas.
Maxwell, Barry (minst. "biz")
Mack, Wm. (2)
Marson, T.
Malcom, D. (of Eugene & Malcom)
Mankin, G. W.
Mason, D.
Mowry, Nell
Mahler, Peter (2)
Marks, Jase
Murphy, F. (late of Dean City, Pa.)
Martin L. (of Sherry Gow Co.)
Massey, Mose
McKenna, J. (of Baldwin's Co.)
McClellan, Wm. C.
Magee, Col. Mullen & Morgan
Morris, W. (of Calender's Minst.)
Metzger, Jos. (of Intyre & Heath)
Meyatt, Chas. L.
Magee, Chem
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Moulton, J. (light ning calculator)
Macdonald, John
Mortimer, J. K.
Miller, Sam H.
Morris, J. H.
Maynard, Eugene
Nicholls, R. Hamilton (2)
Nauton, A. (of Yarmouth, Eng.)
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Orrin Bros.
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Oates, Mrs. Jas. A. (2)
Orsman, Irene (2)
Phillips, Amy (p. o. m. Milan, Italy)
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Hill, Mills
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Harris, Wm. C. (violinist)
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Jennings, Theodore
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Kearney & Moran
Kersands, Wm.
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Wallace, Agnes
Warren, Josie
Wilson, Georgia
Willis, Vinie (of Manchester, Eng.)
Zonia, Mlle.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-office for Harry Robinson, F. C. Wells, John Cadden and O. T. Seymour.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Oct. 15, '77.

In opening this remarkably interesting feature of our valuable paper, it may opportunely, or, rather, aproposly be stated that the alleged melancholy days have come, sure enough; not that this particular time of the year is any the less cheerful than other times, but because there is a sort of sad and uncomfortable look about people who still wear their Summer dusters, and go shivering along the streets to the mournful music in the air caused by the falling of the dead or dying leaves as they leave the parent stem for an unsympathetic place upon the cold, cold ground. The small boy no longer clingeth with one hand to the tailboard of ye ice-cart, while with the other he jerks ye frozen bits into his own capacious pockets; no, he fancies ye harmonious ice cart no more, but hieth him to ye wildwoods and with snatch ye brown chestnut from its forest home, or else to translate ye chaste and tiny "jinkerpin" from its native jungle to those places where it will do him the most good. Many things serve to remind us that these are the Autumn days of the fast-waning year, that lead up to the cold, cold Winter, with its chill breath, its wrinkled front, and glassy eyes which peer into the unknown future as if they would fathom that boundless sea which lies dark before them. We have felt this way ever since the day we witnessed Sothern and Florence and Lotta act in tragic parts. We must follow this figure, or we fear we shall not go mad!.....Business *is* improving, for sure. Everything denotes it. As you take your walks abroad do not be too proud to glance at those vast emporiums of trade which line our great thoroughfares. On nearly every tailor store may be seen the beautiful legend: "Scissors ground here" Here we would say all honor to the gentlemanly tailors who thus publicly declare their satisfaction with this turn in their affairs.....We have been solicited to write an embroidered comedy, and we have given serious thought to the subject; not that we have a sordid desire for filthy lucre—for we already possess more of it virgin gold—but because something is needed to give tone to the dramatic literature of the day; but on Saturday night we assisted at the representation of a new play at the Academy of Music. When we saw how that new play was mangled by the embroiderers there on the stage, we felt like a fellow's head—dizzy to keep track of it all!.....We want to tell that fellow who is constantly propounding the conundrum "What's in a name?" that Mr. *Bird* is the tenor of the Boston Mozart Quartet. And when anybody asks whether he is an artist, his friends indignantly demand, "Can a Bird sing?" [We might continue on this musical strain, but we restrain ourselves because it might become Bird-ensome!].....We *do* want to add, however, now that we are talking about music, that Australia has been blessed with all manner of professional stars, except operatic. Not long ago Signora Antoinetta Link made her appearance in that country, and her success as a singer was so pronounced that she may be said to have furnished the missing Link. [A great many opera singers have visited Australia, but we don't say so because it would spoil the joke.—ED.].....

"Life on the Border" is what Texas Jack treats his guests to. Our Jim says its a horse of another color *at his* home, for there it is death on the boarder.....There is complaint, and that not without cause, that one branch of our stage industries has been grievously neglected of late; and those gentlemen who formerly made full time and good wages by doing the hind legs of imaginary elephants and the forepaws of stuffed lions are now compelled to grope in darkness as the waves of the ocean, or go supperless to bed. And *that* is what the wild waves are saying.....there's a *strike*.....It may sound a little strange to you who don't know any better, but it is true that the Tudors now performing at Tony Pastor's are really wonders. [Accent on *Tu* and *won*, if you please.—ED.].....We hardly can fill up a void in the announcement made by the Aquarium management concerning the "Terror of the Sea" now on exhibition at that place. They call it the "Man-eating Devil-fish!" This is wrong, and calculated to mislead a too-confiding public. The truth of the matter is that the fish is dead and can't eat *anything*! Children and families should know this.....The Florences closed for repairs last Saturday night, and now "Go West." They let the public see "The Mighty Dollar," but the favor was not reciprocated.....The metropolis must be full of 'em, else why should nearly every place of amusement therein be so "liberally attended by the elite of the city?".....The too-attentive ears of "Our Jim" happened to overhear a remark made by a friend the other day, who had been reading of the spread of the yellow-fever, and who expressed his fears that yellow jack was coming this way. When our friend had departed, James came up with a pleading expression on his face, and asked us if we "wouldn't give him a ticket to go to that Injun show?" "What do you mean?" we inquired. "That gent," replied the boy, "said Yellow Jack was comin' this way, and if he gives as good a show as Texas Jack, I'd like to take him in!" We assured James that if he once "took in" Yellow Jack, he would probably never attend another Indian entertainment.....And while on the subject of Indians, whose ambition is a trunk and forty dollars, we are reminded of a paragraph we read the other day announcing that one of the Warm Spring braves, who adorns the dramatic profession, had been arrested in a Western town for drunkenness. We assume that this is Lo, the poor Indian, and what we want to know is whether, in a bibulous state, it would be proper to speak of him as *high Lo?*.....And speaking of change, we omitted to state that "The Mighty Dollar" gives place to Buffalo Bill. [That is a very neat play on the words *change* and *dollar*, to which we call attention were we at all egotistical.] Yes, we intended to observe that the Florences retire to give the Hon. Wm. F. Cody an opportunity of slaughtering the unfortunate redskins, a sort of change of "Bill," as it might be. [See part Bill Florence and Bill Cody.—ED.].....The public doesn't take to "Marriage" as enthusiastically as had been expected, and that's why Wallack's audiences are too thin for so early in the season. Hard times and conjugal rites don't always harmonize.....Margaret Moore and J. C. Williamson are to give us a piece of "Broken China," which is much better than a broken manager, isn't it?.....Lotta will probably thank us for reminding the public that she does not intend to make a steady diet of Desdemona in the "Sweet By-and-bye."......"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." We intended to work in something here that would be both appropriate and severe; but a blind apple-girl, who isn't blind at all, but plays it on us every time she calls, has obliterated the vital thought from memory's slate, and the world loses one of those gems which are rarer than "pearls of the sea." [*Mem. for Jon.*—To head off future blind apple-girls.]

.....The Brooklyn Academy of Music, after the bill presented at the Edwin Adams benefit, we have held it to be our imperative duty to embalm the said bill in verse. In years to come our descendants will turn back to the files of THE CLIPPER and wonder—as we ourselves have often wondered—what such gems as we never recognized by a monument or something. In the meantime, while we are waiting for the monument, here is

THE EDWIN ADAMS BENEFIT.

There was Gilmore, who set the ball rolling,
And Harrigan, who pester'd with grace;
Tony Pastor, who fell to extolling
The Herald's complaints in the case;
There was Hall the pianist, who's tamous
For his skill with which he can handle,
With Gilbert, Rose Coghlan and Arnott
In a scene from "The School for Scandal."
(And it ought to be added, perhaps, right here
That "The School" was attended by Peck and DeVere.
There was Aimee, all bright and vivacious,
Who studied her English with zeal;
Clara Morris, the heart-broken yet gracious,
In the delicate role of Camille;
There was Rankin as Armand, who's left on
The boards with an awful despair;
There were Carroll and Floyd, Mrs. Selton,
And Holland, Miss Baker and all
The stars that blazed on the ball;
There were Castle and Frost, and diminutive Mite,
Whom no one can help but admire,
And there to the public's unmeasured delight
Was Mr. C. Backus—Esquire!
There was Williamson, lucky J. C.,
And sweet Maggie Moore in "Struck Oil,"
With Mr. and Mr. Sol Smith,
And Wheeler, who seeks to despoil,
And Sull van speaking with pith;
And there, most astounding of all,
Was Sothern a-playing Othello,
With Florence displaying his gall
As Iago, the rascally fellow;
There was Frisa and Mr. John Drew,
With Lotta, amazingly meek—
If anyone ever yet knew
Such a cast as that, let him speak!
There was Harrigan, aided by Hart,
Gus Williams, the temperance man's friend,
With Bryant's new minstrels, whose part
In this wonderful bill was the end.
There they all were, and they spread
A feast that was tempting to tase—
There they all were for "our Ned"—
For Ned, and for charity's sake!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

"Come into the garden, Maude." Springfield, O., contributes its glowing mite to the gush of histrionism. Miss Maude Granger had a long-lost brother. He had been a "literary cuss" and a circus-clown, and yet she had not seen him for seventeen years, which goes to show that literature and sawdust are not appreciated by Maude. By chance she heard of an A. F. Granger as Springfield's "a broad brush artist, with an influential voice in the workingmen's movement." She went for him. He was a middle aged man, "a man of sorrows and grief," and yet sisterly instinct recognized him as the long-lost one, spite of his disguises of whitewash and middle-age and sorrow. [Not quite, Maude, but you will be all fine with her brother." But should this prove another case of mistaken identity?.....A Pennsylvania exchange says that Frank Frei Williams, another first fold man to Felix A. Vincent's company, is now "sticking type in Edenburg"—whatever that may mean.....The opera of "Faust" has been represented five hundred and fifty times in Paris, France.....Richard Wagner is on Jan. 1 next to found the Wagner Conservatory for the development of "the music of the future." The period of scholarship will be four years; the number six times, only one of which will last from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1.....St. Louis, while lamenting Ben De Bar's absence in the flesh, is reviving him spiritually. M. Herring, a spiritualist, and an old friend of the comedian, declares that the latter is not dead, but in the street; Mrs. De Bar is said to have received a "slate" message concerning business affairs, and to have recognized Ben's writing; the ghost of the comedian has appeared, and, with a laugh peculiar to the vital De Bar, said that the life beyond was perfectly delightful.....Among the rumors affecting the future welfare of Miss Anna Dickinson is one to the effect that she will go to the English stage. There is another that says she will, before going abroad, do what was suggested in this column on Sept. 29, viz., play "Liz" in "Our Boarding House." By the bye, it is not generally known why "That Lass of Lowrie's" is called "Liz." It is for the same reason that Chanfrau's "Kit" isn't called something else. It "bills better" as "Liz"—most display in front letters.....Miss Maggie Moore, who in her young days, in San Francisco, was the recipient of many thoughtful courtesies at the hands of the wife of Wilson Barrett, has manifested her remembrance of her early friend by presenting her with several articles of *pertu* and value, brought from this side especially as gifts. The "Oil" the Williamsous "Struck" is of a kind that lubricates their hearts.....In F. B. Wilson of Mackin and Wilson, song-and-dance, there is the making of a fine character actor for the legitimate stage.....Barnum's Island whale shipped to the order of P. T. Barnum s.s.m but three days in the London Aquarium, when, according to an English paper, he died of "pulmonic pneumonia."

.....*The News* of Buffalo, N. Y., complains that John Brougham gave that city the "Good) Bye(."

Hughey Dougherty has been engaged for the entire season at Bryant's Opera-house, this city.....Mrs. Mrs. G. L. Fox was in this city on business on the 11th inst., and on the following day returned to Cambridge, Mass.....Mme. Modjeska contemplates adding "Delilah" and "Camille" to her list of plays.....Mme. Franzini, bicycle-rider, has arrived in San Francisco from Australia.

.....Miss Catherine Lewis, as she is known professionally in opera bouffe circles, and who is a sister of Miss Jeffreys Lewis, is nursing a girl baby a month old. It is her own and her husband's. Usually it is said in such a case that the lady "presented her husband with a baby," but we presume that the hackneyed phrase is inadmissible, for who has become a farmer of large lands in Peunsylvania, his wife (*nee* Lizzie Price) being at the head of the dairy, has a contract to produce his play of "Satan's Diary" at the Broadway Theatre, this city.....

"The Beautiful Mellusine," or the woman without an abdomen, has been strangely ill of colic.....Adele Holtzader, the German actress who has just completed a long term of imprisonment for defrauding poor and ignorant people in Bavaria, has been forbidden, by the Hamburg and Berlin police authorities, to reappear upon the stage. She had been announced for Marie Stuart and other tragic roles.....In the cast of "England in the Days of Charles II.," reviewed among our "European Dramatic Novelties" on an-ther page, we recognize two old friends. One is Samuel Emery, who was here about fifteen years ago, and the other is "The Pocket Venus Dancer," who has been given dancing lessons since 1872 for Niblo's Garden, this city. He plays the dwarf, Sir Geoffrey.....Wilkie Collins is a sufferer from gout in the eyes.....There was a novel performance on the Melbourne stage on July 27, when, for Hampire's benefit, was played the *last* act of a new drama ("Good for Evil," by F. R. C. Hopkins) never yet produced in its entirety in Paris, France.....Richard Wagner is on Jan. 1 next to found the Wagner Conservatory for the development of "the music of the future." The period of scholarship will be four years; number six times, only one of which will last from Jan. 1 to Oct. 1.....St. Louis, while lamenting Ben De Bar's absence in the flesh, is reviving him spiritually. M. Herring, a spiritualist, and an old friend of the comedian, declares that the latter is not dead, but in the street; Mrs. De Bar is said to have received a "slate" message concerning business affairs, and to have recognized Ben's writing; the ghost of the comedian has appeared, and, with a laugh peculiar to the vital De Bar, said that the life beyond was perfectly delightful.....Among the rumors affecting the future welfare of Miss Anna Dickinson is one to the effect that she will go to the English stage. There is another that says she will, before going abroad, do what was suggested in this column on Sept. 29, viz., play "Liz" in "Our Boarding House." By the bye, it is not generally known why "That Lass of Lowrie's" is called "Liz." It is for the same reason that Chanfrau's "Kit" isn't called something else. It "bills" better

MISS ELIZABETH VON STAMMWITZ, a youthful German tragedienne, made her debut on the American stage, speaking the English language, at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Oct. 8, in an entirely new play, in five acts, entitled "Lady Jane Grey," written by Mr. T. E. Osmun, and acted for the first time on any stage with the following cast:

Mary Tudor.....Von Stammwitz
Lady Jane Grey.....Miss Lizzie Mahon
John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.....M. B. Snyder
Guilford Dudley, his son.....Louis L. James
Earl of Arundel.....C. A. McManus
Cornelius Agrippa, Doctor of Medicine.....E. F. Knowles
Duke of Suffolk.....W. A. Donaldson
Barker.....R. L. Downing
Lennox, Arundel's Lieutenant.....Walter Hubbell
Fairfax, Captain of the King's Guard.....J. F. Meagher
Jackson.....Frank Baden, Herald.....Mr. Whitmore
Lord High Chancellor.....W. D. Beveson
Edward the Sixth, King of England.....Harry Taylor

Our Correspondent, writing on Oct. 14, remarks:

The plot of the play is based upon the events in the history of the closing days of the reign of Edward VI of England, and may be briefly stated as follows: Princess Mary Tudor, sister of King Edward, is enamored of Guilford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. Young Dudley already loves and is beloved by Lady Jane Grey, cousin of the King, which fact is discovered by the Princess Mary, and causes her to bitterly hate Lady Jane, the Dudleys and their adherents. The King greatly admires and esteems his beautiful cousin, and, learning the secret of her love for Dudley, gives his approval to their betrothal. The King is afflicted with a serious malady that baffles the skill of the court physicians and threatens to end his life at any moment. The Duke of Northumberland, through his ambition to wield the power behind the throne, conceives the bold stroke of getting rid of the King, first persuading him to issue an order causing Lady Jane Grey as his successor. The King is then induced to swallow a wonderful potion, prepared by a celebrated doctor of medicine employed by the Duke, which is to throw him into a slumber resembling death for forty-eight hours, when he is assured he will awake completely cured of his malady. The potion takes effect, and the King is pronounced dead, and the Duke orders the doctor to be killed in order that he may not divulge the plot against the life of the King. The edict of the King naming the Lady Jane as his successor is then read, and preparations for her coronation begin. The doctor escapes and makes his way to the presence of Lady Jane Grey, discloses the plot against the King, accuses the Duke of being the murderer, and then exires. Lady Jane refuses to be an accomplice of the Duke, but her scruples are silenced and the coronation takes place. Mary Tudor, with the assistance of her faithful adherent, the Duke of Arundel, who is the mortal enemy of the Duke of Northumberland, incites the populace to rebellion against the edict of the King, who is supposed to be dead, and they succeed in entering the coronation chamber just as the coronation ceremonies have ended, when Mary wrests the queenly mantle from Lady Jane, tears the crown from her head, and hurls her from the throne. Mary is then hailed as Queen, and condemns to death Lady Jane and her husband. The King, recovering from the effects of the sleeping-potion administered him, appears and confronts Queen Mary at the moment she has consigned them to the executioner of the headsman. This does not suit the purposes of the Duke of Arundel, who now appears and maintains that "the King is dead," and, to make good his words, proceeds to throttle him, thus making Mary Tudor Queen indeed. Many once more supplicates young Dudley to bestow his love upon her, which attempt proves to be of no avail. Mary, finding herself thwarted in separating husband from wife, even in the horrors of death closes the scene by ordering a general sacrifice of her enemies. The action of the first three acts takes place in Whitehall, that of the fourth in Whitehall, and the fifth in the Tower of London. Mr. Osmun in the construction of his play, has taken many liberties with the accepted historical version of the sad story of Lady Jane Grey, so that it may be said that the story as depicted by him is an original creation. The dialogue is good, the situations are well chosen, and the action moves vigorously, keeping up the interest to the very conclusion of the last act, when "Bloody Mary" snatches the crown from her rival's head. The play should be made to end here. It would be more finished than with the addition of the last two acts, which, though dramatic, are tedious, rather weak in the third act. Miss Von Stammwitz is a noble-looking woman — young, tall, magnificently formed, lithe and graceful, with a rich, melodious voice, and English that she knows how to modulate to the finest effect. Her pronunciation and enunciation of the English language for the first time on any stage were something to be wondered at. Young Von Stammwitz has she has been studying the language but six months. In this respect she is superior to Janauschek. The tones of her voice are somewhat similar, at times, to those of the latter. As the play was new, and but little time given for study, but few of the cast were well up in their parts; hence we refrain commenting thereupon. "Lady Jane Grey" was repeated on Saturday, Oct. 13, in five acts instead of three, and adapted from the German of Wilbrane, who translated it from the Italian, was acted II. This was its first production on the English-speaking stage. We append the cast of characters:

Valeria Messalina, consort of Claudius the Emperor, Miss Ella Lamparter
Caius Silius.....Von Stammwitz
Narcissus, a Frenchman, the Emperor's Secretary.....M. B. Snyder
.....C. A. McManus
Denals Calpurnianus.....R. L. Downing
Vetta Vatelia.....Agent of Silius.....Walter Hubbell
Cacenia Taetus.....W. A. Donaldson
Marcus, his son.....E. F. Knowles
Baeas Sesonius, a slave.....Walter Hubbell
Syrus, a slave.....T. F. Meagher
Kallius, slave to Taetus.....Miss Annie Story
Arria, wife to Taetus.....Miss Virginia Bray
Female Slave.....Miss Gray

Miss Von Stammwitz's impersonation of the character of the Roman Empress was marked by intense power, and displayed great versatility of the resources necessary to depict the passions of love and hate. The costumes of Miss Stammwitz are marvels of beauty and richness. The support of this company in this play was much better than in "Lady Jane Grey." Miss Annie Story as Arria and C. A. McManus as Narcissus being worthy of special mention. For her benefit on Friday evening, Miss Von Stammwitz appeared in "Deborah," the same version as played by Janauschek. If there had ever been any doubts as to her capability as an actress, this performance must certainly have dispelled them. She was not seen to no straining for effects, and a more masterly, intensely dramatic rendition of this part we have never witnessed. The curse scene was the perfection of force and concentrated passion. The applause that greeted this display of power was enthusiastic, and Miss Von Stammwitz was twice called before the curtain. "Deborah" was repeated at the Saturday matinee, and in the evening a second performance of "Messalina" concluded a highly successful artistic week's engagement. Miss Von Stammwitz plays at Baltimore, Md., during the present week. George Rignold and company commence a two weeks' engagement Oct. 15, opening in "Henry V."

EDWIN ADAMS was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 12. The programme for the occasion was an attractive one, including selections by the artists of the German opera Troupe, under the direction of Max Maretzek; Miss Mary Anderson in the potion-scene from "Romeo and Juliet;" Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels in "Helen's Babies;" recitations, "Sheridan's Ride" by Charles R. Thorne Jr., and the "Seven Ages of Man" by William D. Gommill; feats of magic by Commander Cazeneuve, and the third, fourth, and fifth acts of Leonard Grover's play "The Remarkable History of Lispet," by the Chestnut-street Theatre company, all, either before or behind the curtain, volunteered their services, and about $700 was realized, which sum will be increased when all the tickets are returned. Mr. Adams was quite low on Friday morning, but towards night he rallied and was quite as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. On Saturday, Oct. 13, he had one or two sinking spells, and was rather low, but on the following day (Sunday) he was better than he has been since he arrived in Philadelphia, ten days previously, having in a measure recovered from the excitement he was laboring under consequent on the testimonial benefit, although his condition is still critical. Mr. Adams has received the following letter in behalf of the committee having in charge the New York benefit:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8, 1877.—To my Friends, the Press and Public: My physician has to day informed me that I may not be present at the Academy of Music, New York, the 12th inst., on the occasion of the benefit which you have untited to tender me. It was until now, my earnest hope that I should be able to be there, to personally thank each and all of you for what you have done in your generous remembrance of me long after I had lost the power to be among you. There are so many of you, and you have been so numerous in your kindness, as not to reconcile me to my misfortunes, for these have shown me how friendly the hearts of my professional brothers and sisters and the public are to me, and this has greatly comforted and cheered me in my painful illness and sincere anxiety about the future. It is something more than I can tell you how much it is to a man standing where I now stand to look back over his life and see how many and good friends have been raised up for himself, and how much love and help they give when the shadows are thick about him. I cannot repay the tithe of your kindness in gratitude. I can never tell you how great that gratitude is, and I cannot even come before you to express the loving sentiments that fill my heart. From my sick bed I can only express, as best I can, the pain that finds and leaves me here, helpless, a physical wreck, with but half a man's life of usefulness lived, and my career unfulfilled, the deep gratitude I feel is far more than I can express. I cannot speak to you, face to face as it was my hope to do, I must write to you, and I can only say to each and every one of the profession, press and public—thanks! God bless you and ever protect you forever.

EDWIN ADAMS.

A MATINEE BENEFIT for Edwin Adams was given on Friday, Oct. 12, at the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., by Manager John W. Albaugh. The gross receipts, without deducting one penny, were $1,200. The entertainment commenced with "The Rough Diamond," Conway as Sir William; W. H. Thompson, Lord Plato; R. E. Graham, Cousin Joe; Fanny Pierson, Margery; and Cassie Troy, Lady Plato, all of the Boucicault Shaughraun Combination. John Mackey of the Shaughraun Company followed with a recitation, after which the Shaughraun's company played the comedy of "Our Oddities." Manager Albaugh in a recitation, "Little Jim." The performance closed with the farce of "Nan the Good-for-nothing," in which Connie Thompson, Mr. Albaugh's soubrette, played Nan, and members of Boucicault's company the following: Colonel W. Tom Dibbles; Cyril Searle, Harry; Hart Conway, Charley; and Jonny Lamb, Mrs. Simpson. The programme was printed in gold on white satin. The entire performance was much enjoyed, and the affair financially was a success, the receipts reaching three hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents, which is considered a good benefit for Albaugh in Albany. The receipts at the door amounted to $234. The following subscriptions were also made: John Albaugh, $25; printing of programmes, $12.50; R. E. Stevens, $10; E. A. Eberle and wife, $10; Treasurer Fred. Dubois, $5; F. O. Savage, $5; Col. T. Alston Brown, $10; and members of Manger Albaugh's company, $14. Total, $91.50, amounting in all to $325.50.

LAWRENCE BARRETT begins a two weeks' engagement in Cleveland, O., Oct. 15, and opens in Pittsburg, Pa., 29, for a like period.

COLLARDED, Jr., H. Hasking, supported by D'Orsey Ogden's Company, performed in Savannah, Ga., Oct. 8, 9, 10, and on the night of the last-named date Manager Ogden disappeared. The agent of the theatre offered it to the company rent free for the night of Oct. 12, and they accepted it, playing "Richard III." Up to noon of that day 200 tickets had been sold, showing a disposition upon the part of the public to help them out.

EDWIN ADAMS is to be the recipient of a benefit at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 17 (night), all of the company having volunteered.

F. C. BANGS, supported by a first-class company, played "The Soldier's Trust" in Elmira, N. Y., Oct. 12, 13, to fair-sized audiences. They are to be in Rochester Oct. 15 for one week, Buffalo 22, 23, 24, St. Catherines, Ont., 25, 26, London 27.

"AH SIN," at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., Oct. 11, 12, 13, elicited moderate houses. Mr. Albaugh's clever Albany stock people gave the support.

FRANK MAYO is to play Davy Crockett at a hall in Troy, N. Y., 19, 20.

SANFORD & STONE, dramatic agents, advertise for a lady to play in burlesque.

THE ROLLIN HOWARD Opera-bouffe and Burlesque Combination is now in its third season, and its list of artists embraces the names of Rollin Howard, Blanche Clifton, Mlle. Zittella, Nellie Sanford, Nettie Mayne, Jerome and Cameron, and John L. Sanford, who also officiates as business-manager. Mr. Sanford requests managers desiring to secure terms and dates to address him as per card. The company perform in Cincinnati, O., two weeks, Buffalo and New York to follow.

AN ACTOR'S wardrobe is for sale. See card.

A. H. SHELDON and Nellie Sanford can be addressed for engagements, in their romantic drama of "Wealth and Crime," as per card.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION are still on the road, season extending from last April.

JOHN F. RYAN advertises MS. copies of plays for sale cheap.

A HEAVY MAN, a juvenile man and a juvenile lady are wanted by Davis & Co. See card.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., letter, dated Oct. 7, is as appended;

The Kellogg-Cary Opera Company at Baldwin's Theatre produced "Lucia di Lammermoor" Oct. 1, "Faust" 3, 6, and "Mignon" was presented 5 to an audience representing over $3,500. Seats were sold at a premium. The mention of such names as Ilma di Murska, Clara Louise Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Tom Karl and Geo. O. Gray will be sufficient evidence as regards how well the opera was sung. Di Murska's Felina (her first appearance in the role) was a masterpiece of genius and the sensation of the evening. Her conception and performance went forth together with perfect accord. It was a dramatic creation, self centred, self-consistent, and true to nature, yet in the highest sense ideal and imaginative. Miss Kellogg as Mignon sang with rare refinement and brilliancy, but she sometimes appears to be beguiled by the melody of her voice in a degree that maltreats the sense or distracts attention from it. Miss Cary as Frederico acted the part with rare grace and sang with surpassing sweetness and skill. The operatic season, by reason of its great success, will be extended, with "Mignon" and the same cast 8. "Aida" is in preparation. ....At the California Theatre Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane have presented "Forbidden Fruit," "Happiest Day of my Life," and a burlesque of "Blackeyed Susan" within the past week to rarely moderate business. Their support eschewed the chief talent of the company. Mr. Crane gave a strong bit of quiet comedy as Gilman in "The Happiest Day of my Life." Mrs. C. R. Saunders as Mrs. Grimsly of receiving considerable applause; and Miss Frankie McClellan as Mary Dudley was excellent, her care in little things, her unvarying fidelity and unpretentious industry auguring for her a matrimony bright in future. The remaining support by Ellie Wilton, Kate Denin, Nelson Decker, J. N. Long and Walter Leman was good. "Our Boarding house" will be produced 8.....The Grand Opera-house opens with the new season Oct. 15. Improvements and adapted from the German of Wilbrane, who translated it from the Italian, was acted II. This was its first production on the English-speaking stage. We append the cast of characters:

MISS MARY ANDERSON made her first appearance in Philadelphia on Oct. 8 at the Walnut-street Theatre, "Evadne" being revived for that occasion. This youthful actress is undoubtedly gifted with dramatic ability, and is intelligent, graceful and pleasing in her manner. She created a decidedly favorable impression during her one week's engagement, appearing as Parthenia in "Ingomar" Oct. 9, 10, as Juliet 11 and at the matinee 13, and as Ion 12, 13. The Lydia Thompson troupe commence a two weeks' engagement 15.

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Philadelphia Museum commences Oct. 29, and the ladies and gentlemen engaged for the stock company are notified by Wm. Davidge Jr., the lessee and manager, to assemble in the greenroom of that establishment on Oct. 22, at 11 A. M.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, which is now being plastered and decorated, will positively open on Saturday evening, Nov. 3, under the sole management of Robert Fox, and with Wood Benson as business and stage manager. The new theatre will be somewhat smaller than the one destroyed by fire, but will be prettier and contain many needed improvements, including an enlarged stage.

AT THE CHESTNUT, Philadelphia, "The Remarkable History of Lispet" was repeated all last week, Harry Campbell's new drama "The Foolish Wife" will be presented Oct. 15 for the first time on any stage. It will be followed by a new comedy by the humorist Max Adeler "Her Second Husband."

"THE DANICHEFFS" has been withdrawn from the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Smike" is to be produced this week.

"MADAME ANGOT" failed to attract a good attendance at the Philadelphia Museum during the week ending Oct. 13. Thus far the managerial regime of Wm. Davidge Jr. promises to be eminently successful.

TAGS.—Bartley Campbell arrived in Chicago Oct. 10.....Edwin Booth is suffering from catarrh.....Detroit, Mich., has contributed $155.30 to the Adams fund.....F. F. Coburn, agent of George S. Knight's Combination, arrived at Evansville, Ind., Oct. 10, ten days ahead of the main army.....The Stranger played to crowded houses at Springfield, O., Oct. 10, a Miss Fitzhugh made an impression as Paris.....Charles A. Stevenson has consented to join the Kate Clayton Combination.....Miss George Allen, the young lady of color who plays Emeline with the G. C. Howard "Uncle Tom" Combination, has been dubbed "The Southern Nightingale."..... John P. Smith, the instrumental agent, is accused of having rewritten the Howards' version of "U. T. C." This is a dark charge.....Bartley Campbell has not yet seen John T. Raymond play the insurance-agent in "Risks."..... Miss Marie T. Courcelles, whose verses from time to time in this paper have shown the lady to be possessed of poetic talent, has just returned to Cincinnati after concluding an engagement at the Grand Opera-house—her first in this city, we believe. The genial paragraphists of a potential press are, however, adrift in stating that this was her first appearance upon any stage. She has been on the boards about two seasons.....Miss Nellie Mortimer and Miss Jean Burnside, as flower-girls in the auditorium of the Academy of Music, rendered a service to the Adams benefit that should not be overlooked. Nor should we neglect to record the fact that Mrs. John Drew, who during the past twenty-five years has been such a stranger to the metropolis as to have become almost a myth, was forgotten by its playgoers, was the only one, of those who played, from a distant city..... Joseph C. Proctor opens with Haverly's Mastodons in Albany Oct. 15, his first appeared in this city nearly thirty nine years ago—Nathan in "Nick of the Woods."..... J. W. Carroll will support Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence in Cincinnati.....Mr. Florence will open in Lawrence, Mass., with Lawrence P. Barrett for the season, requested the actors therein to cut off their moustaches, by direction of Mr. B. Every George Fawcett refused to do so, and the manager responded by threatening to cancel their engagements, and they wilted when they reached Cincinnati last week. Mr. Barrett's idea is to make noble Romans of seedy all, fierce-looking bandits.....Pinkham has the refrain in Pittsburg, at Library Hall, Oct. 8, and ran all the week to steadily-increasing business. The cast embraced Charles F. Coghlan, T. R. Dalton, John W. Jennings, George Gibbons, H. W. Mosher and John Matthews, Alfred Becks, Agnes Booth, Miss Lizzie Storrs, Miss Maud Harrison, Mrs. H. T. Allen, and Miss Anna McKenna. The men in a minority performed every member of the company seemingly being especially fitted for the giving of an excellent representation of his or her part. This party continues another week. Fannie E. Wilde of W. H. Crompton, business-manager of the Pittsburg Opera-house, who died of consumption on Oct. 6, was laid to rest in Allegheny Cemetery on the morning of Oct. 9. The pallbearers were Manager J. S. Gotthold of the Pittsburg Opera-house, Manager M. W. Caroline of Library Hall, and Messrs. Fred. Bock and Milton Rainford of the Opera-house company. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Costar of the Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Crompton was a member. There was a large attendance of the profession and friends of the deceased.....In private life Mrs. Crompton was an estimable lady, and is mourned by all who knew her.

FROM BOSTON, MASS., under date of Oct. 14, a correspondent sends us the appended review:

At the Boston Theatre Miss Lydia Thompson and troupe opened their last season of three weeks in "How to Make Home Happy" and the burlesque of "Oxygen." The farce proved a rather dreary production, but the burlesque was highly amusing, being capitally acted, nicely mounted, and handsomely and appropriately dressed. Miss Thompson seems not to have lost any of her grace or vitality, and Willie Edouin is as grotesque and nimble as ever. Miss Ada Burville possesses one of the most agreeable voices ever heard here in burlesque, and has been the recipient of many encomiums. Fred. Marshall as the Brigomaster was amusing, and Ella Chapman, her husband, Harry Paulton, and Sam Bolton, did well. The stately Miss Duncan and Marie Williams as the two students looked and acted spiritedly. Horatio Sidney is to be commended for a capital make-up as Doctor Ox. Miss Alice Atherton has gotten a fine start, and, appearing in Boston, and her Hermann was a feature of the performance. The Misses Everleigh, Merville and Elmore added to the attractiveness of the cast, and the chorus and ballet were tuneful and shapely. "Robinson Crusoe" was repeated 11, and for Miss Thompson's benefit 12, "Bluebeard" received its only entire production. "Oxygen" was repeated Saturday night 13, Willie Edouin's Chinese scene from "Bluebeard" being added at the evening performance. An excellent business was done all the week. Oct. 15 Miss Mary Anderson makes her debut in Boston as Evadne. On Oct. 19 "Ion" will receive its first production in Boston since March, 1862, when it was performed at the Howard Athenæum by the late Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway. Manager Shewell, E. J. Buckley, and Mrs. T. M. Hunter will make their first appearance this season in support of Miss Anderson.....At the Globe Theatre, Miss Kate Claxton and her company, reinforced by J. B. Studley and Chas. A. Stevenson, have given eight performances of "The Two Orphans" to an average good attendance. The play has been well distributed, Miss Claxton, as the part of Louise reviving pleasant memories. Miss Lillian Cleves Clark as Henriette proved an agreeable surprise, and the rest of the cast was distributed as follows: Marianne, Marie Rae; Sonnerre, Frederic Dumont; Flood: La Frochard, Mrs. Howard Rogers; Sister Genevieve, Dollie Pike; Julie, Lottie Church; Florette, Marie Wilson; Marianne, Miss Ada Farwell; Pierre, Ada Farwell; Frisson; Jacques, J. B. Studley; De Vaudrey, John G. Saville; Count de Linieres, J. W. Lanergan; Picard, Harry Phillips; Marquis de Presles, John Dailey; Martin, J. A. Page; Doctor of Hospital, E. Mainwaring; La Rieu, J. T. Baker; Officer of Guard, D. Nourse; De Mailly, F. McDonald; D'Estres, Mr. White; Antoine T. Gardner. Oct. 15, "The Banker's Daughter" received its initial performance in Boston, by McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard from the Broadway Theatre, New York. It will be brought out with new scenery, properties and effects, and to give eclat to the opening performance invitations have been extended to Messrs. Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes. The author will also be present. Boucicault's "Marriage" company will be the next attraction, opening 29.....Charles Barras, who has held the position of business-manager and comptroller since the opening of the present season, severed his connection with the theatre Oct. 8. His attention will, hereafter, be devoted entirely to his professional duties.

The second week of the annual comedy season opened at the Boston Museum Oct. 8, with "She Stoops to Conquer," in which performance Mr. Warren's "Road to Ruin" was given matinee and night, 10, "Masks and Faces" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing" 11; "Men of the Day" 12 and matinee of 13, and "Belphegor" night, 13. The engagement will close the last of the miscellaneous plays. Oct. 15, 16 and matinee 20, "The School for Scandal" will be given in its original form, without the modern interpolations that usually attend its acting. "Men of the Day" 17, "London Assurance" 18, for Mr. Warren's benefit, "Our Friends" 19, and "Belphegor" 20. "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced 22, forming the seventh of the series of special comedy productions, which have been made the feature of former seasons.....The Boston Comedy Company, Cordelia Howard, R. J. Dillon, Archie Comyns Brown, John Dyas, Frank Oakes, Dan Hart, Ethel Greybrooke, Irene Tyler, Hattie Sanborn, Bessie Clayton, Laraine, Marie Roberts, with J. L. Saphore, stage-manager, will give "Our Boys" at Kennedy Hall Oct. 17.....Geo. La Kin Kobbe, manager of Janauschek in Meriden, Ct., 18, New Haven 19, Bridgeport 20, New Bedford, Mass., 22, Fall River 23, 24. Manager Henderson has also engaged Rose Eytinge and Louise Pomeroy for the New England circuit.

THE PARK THEATRE, Philadelphia, was opened on Monday evening, Oct. 8, under the management of W. B. Megan and W. T. Ward. This new theatre is situated on the second floor of the building at Seventeenth street and Ridge avenue (formerly known as Germania Hall), and has a seating capacity of about 600. The opening programme consisted of "Everybody's Friend" and "Toodles;" J. B. Moran, a well-known amateur, sustaining the respective roles therein of Major Wellington De Boots and Timothy Toodles. Miss Emilie Wallace, Miss Mabel Hawthorne, W. F. Granger and Wm. Sherry sustained the other principal parts. The attendance was moderate during the week. "Retribution" being performed the last three evenings. The location of the new establishment is better adapted for a variety theatre, to which purpose, it is rumored, it will shortly be converted.

THE OATES TROUPE appeared in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house Oct. 11, 12, 13, and at Saturday matinee, to good business. The company concluded their engagement with Manager Henderson last week.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—Rubinstein is exorgitating a new symphony.....One of the surviving members of the old music firm of Gen. Wm. Hall & Sons of this city has gone into litigation with the Boston house of Oliver Ditson & Co. Involving a goodly sum, the litigation, which is to be resumed in this city to-day, is cream to the lawyers, but of no interest to the public—not even to musicians. .....The Bridal Chorus of "Lohengrin" was so badly done at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 12th inst. as to be hissed.....It is stated that Rita Sangali the dancer "is ambitious to make her debut as a singer." Too late. She made her public debut as a vocalist a number of years ago.....Mrs. Louise Oliver, soprano of Dr. Chapin's Church, this city, is organizing a company to travel..... "The Last of the Mohicans" is promised Brussels for next month. It is not the drama that Charles R. Thorne Sr. played at the Richmond Hill Theatre forty-six years ago, but a new opera, and by an American lady—Mrs. Corinne Young. The story, however, is the same—James Fenimore Cooper's.....Mme. Erminia Rudersdorf will make New York her future home.....The veteran instrumentalist Dr. Gustav Satter gave a concert at Tucker Hall, Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 12.....Rudolph Rockenbach of the music firm of Rockenbach & Schmidt, Louisville, Ky., was married in that city on Oct. 11, the bride being Miss Emma C., daughter of Dr. Knoefel.....The Liederkranz Society of St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of Egmont Froehlich, gave a concert at Fischer's Hall, that city, Oct. 10.....Prof. Carl Ritter and his new orchestra gave their farewell concert at the Lyceum, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 11—farewell to Pittsburg on the part of Prof. Ritter, who is to reveled in a bird concert. The feathered songsters in gilded cages were assisted by Scott the elocutionist and the vocalists Mrs. W. L. 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Nuno, now teaching vocal and instrumental music, is to organize a class at Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge.....The Senor Joseph White, the colored Cuban violinist, has gone to South America.....W. Geisselbrecht, who was Therese Titiens' first capelmeister, at the Actrian Theatre, Hamburg, for four years, but who left it in disgust, is asthmatic and needy, besides being old, and the Musical Club of that city is preparing a concert in his behalf.....A son of Henry Wenjawski has reached Boston, Mass., and is expected to appear in concert there as a violinist.....Miss Anna Dresdil will, it is announced, return to this country about Nov. 1.....Mme. Bouligny of New Orleans, who is to be supported by Mr. A. Huntley, is a prospective debutante in public concerts.....Mme. Isadora Clark has returned to this city.....The suit of Signor E. Branchi of San Francisco against Clara Louise Kellogg has been dismissed. Branchi's claim was based upon a contract in 1871, for which he claimed $200. 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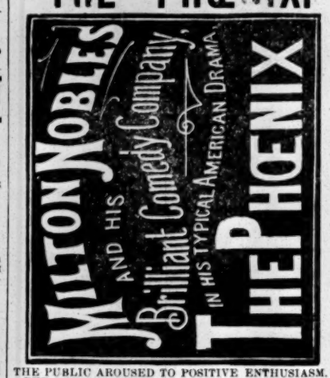

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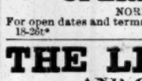

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